

ATOMIC RABBIT

No 7

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ATOMIC RABBIT

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢



POW!

BLAM!

SOCKO!

AGC

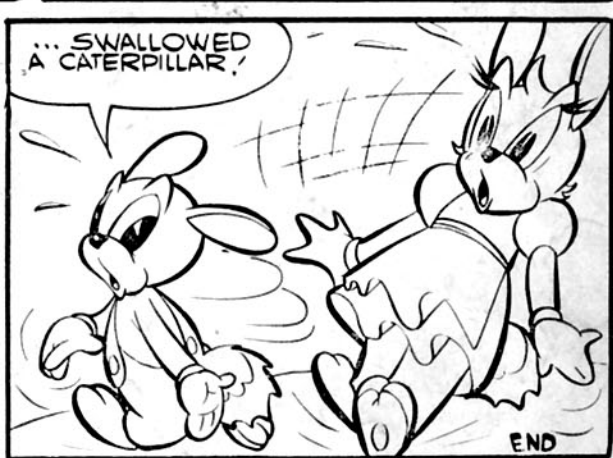
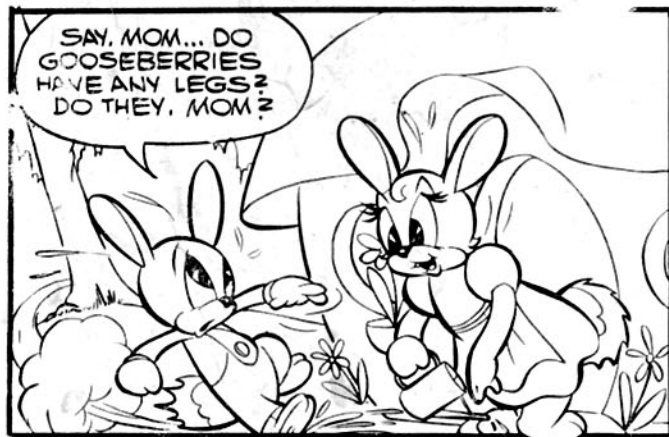
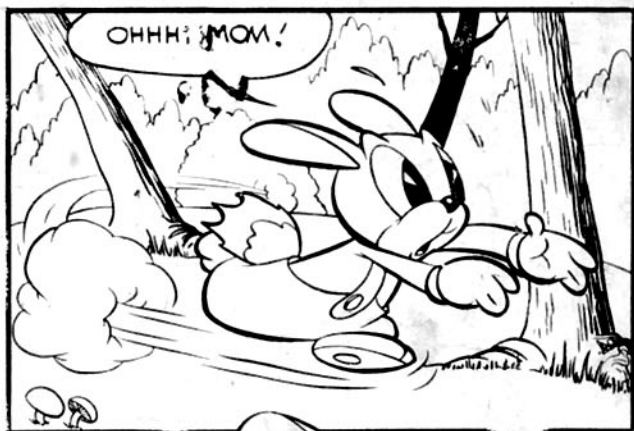


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'LI'L RABBIT'

DO THEY, MOM?

S1799



ATOMIC RABBIT

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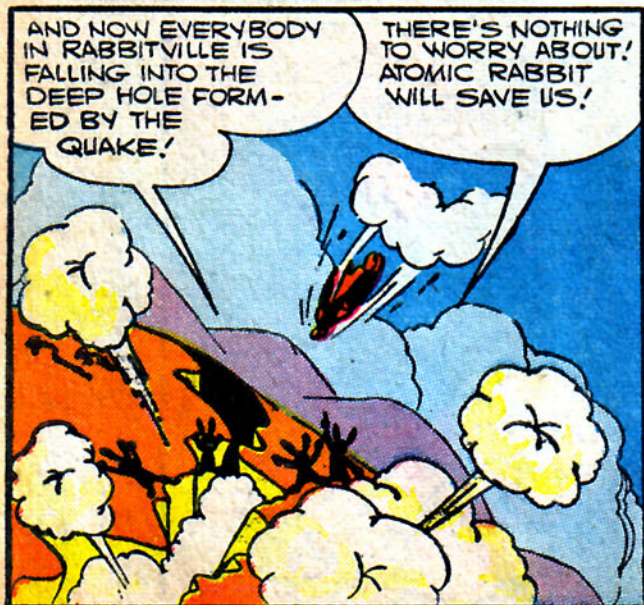
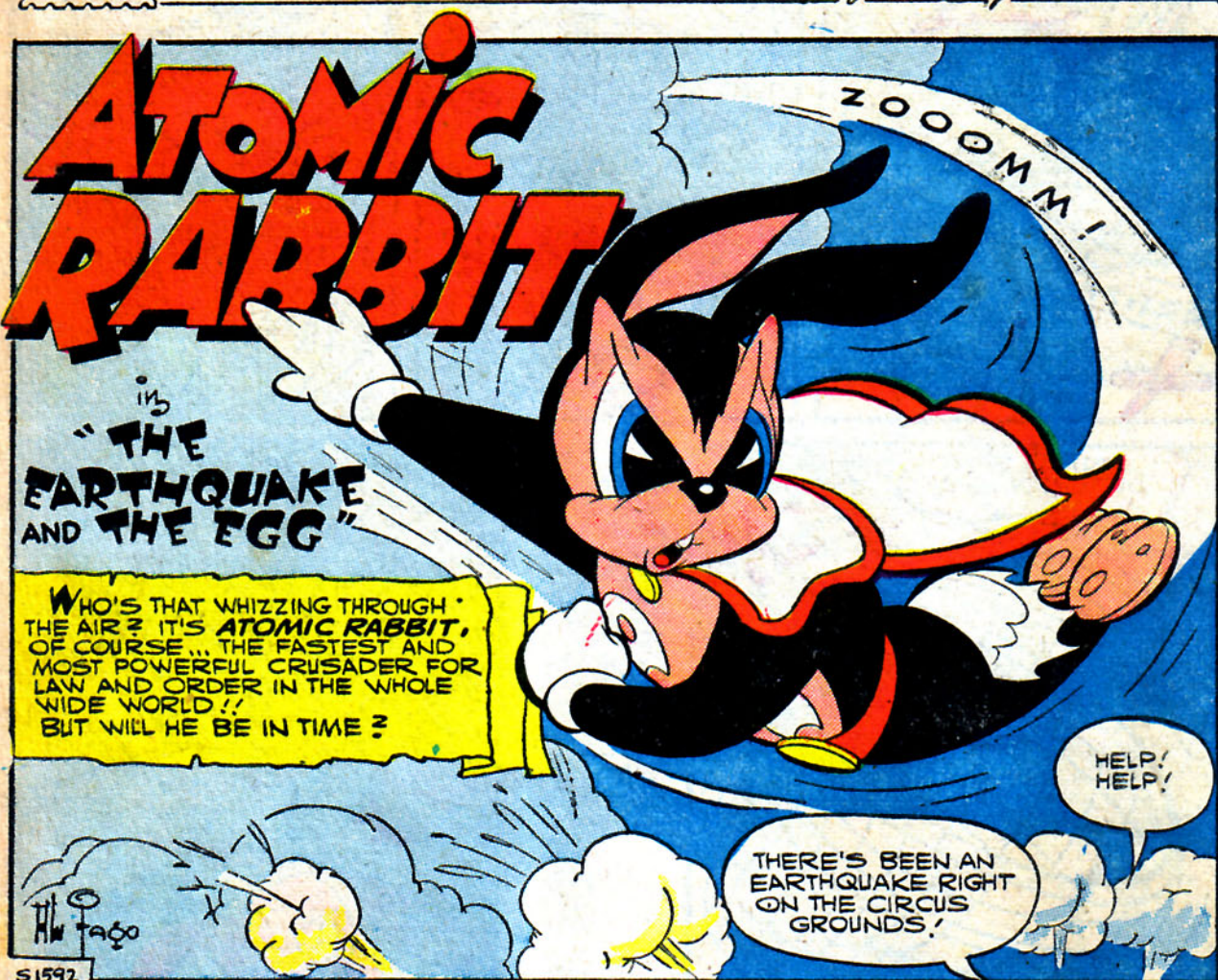


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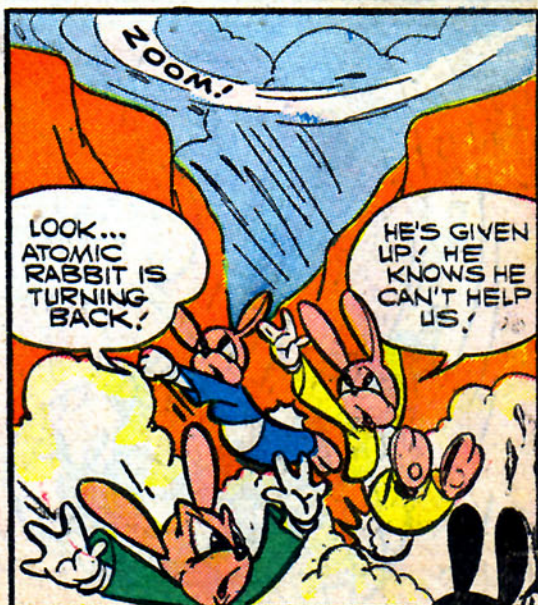
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Alfred P. Fago

Executive Editor

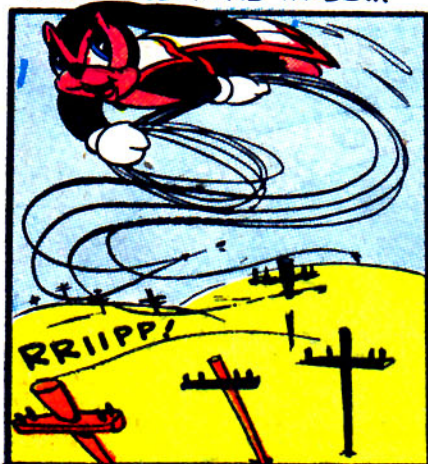


BUT THEN

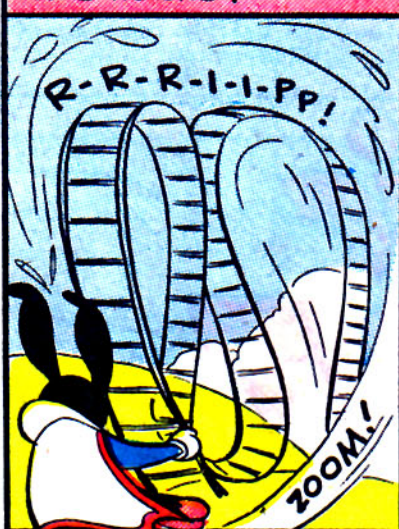


ATOMIC RABBIT

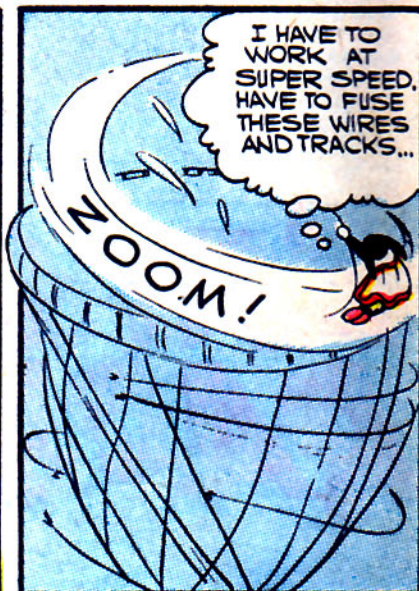
HAS ATOMIC RABBIT GONE MAD WITH GRIEF BECAUSE ALL HIS FRIENDS ARE FALLING TO THEIR DOOM? WHY ELSE WOULD HE BE PULLING UP THOSE TELEPHONE WIRES...



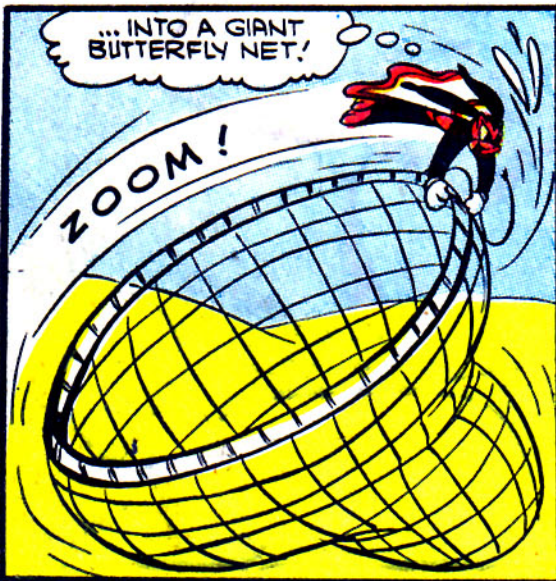
...AND NOW... THOSE RAIL-ROAD TRACKS?



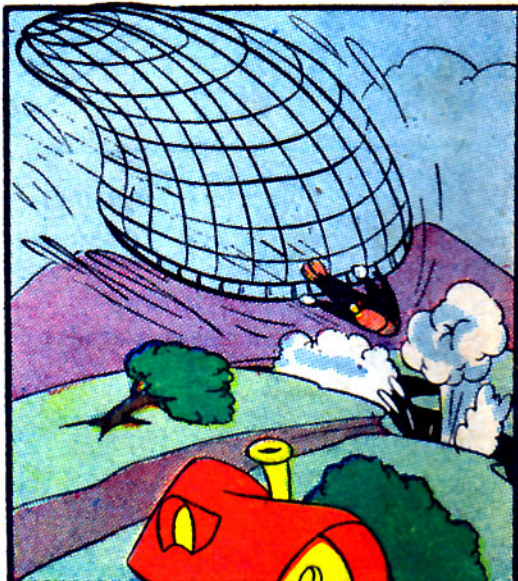
I HAVE TO WORK AT SUPER SPEED. HAVE TO FUSE THESE WIRES AND TRACKS...



... INTO A GIANT BUTTERFLY NET!

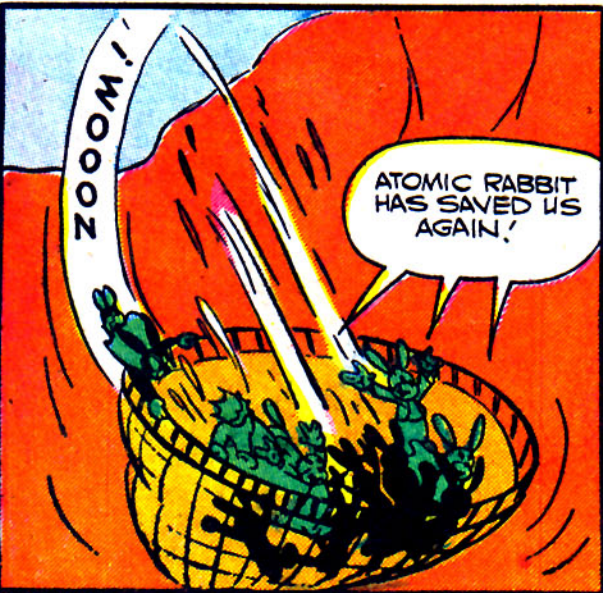


WHAT WOULD HAVE TAKEN ORDINARY RABBITS WEEKS TO DO, HAS TAKEN OUR HERO ONLY A SPLIT-SECOND! AND NOW...



ZOOM!

ATOMIC RABBIT HAS SAVED US AGAIN!

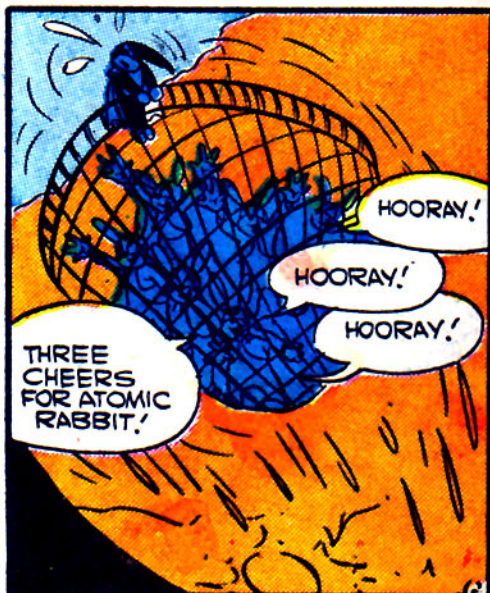


HOORAY!

HOORAY!

HOORAY!

THREE CHEERS FOR ATOMIC RABBIT!



BUT IT HAS ALL HAPPENED SO FAST, NOBODY SEES WHAT THE EARTH-QUAKE HAS UNCOVERED!

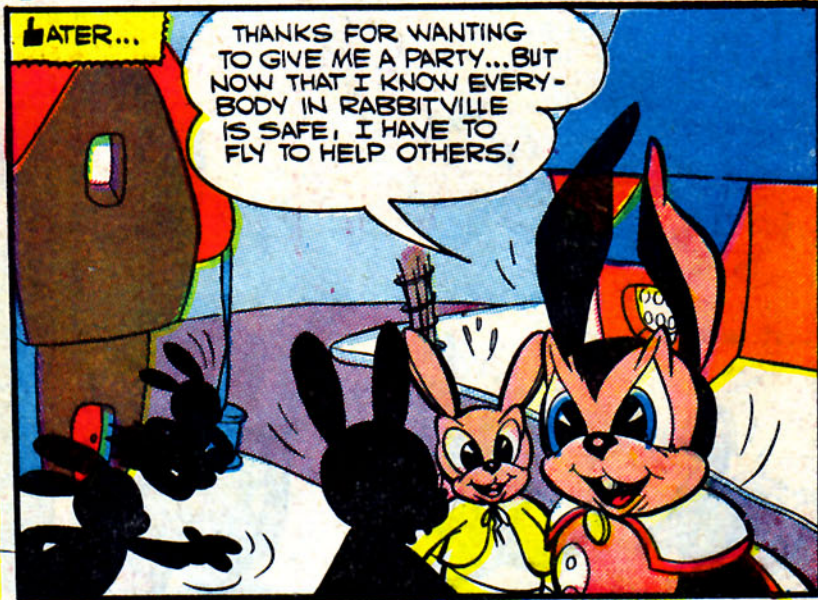
ATOMIC RABBIT

WHAT SORT OF EGG CAN THIS BE THAT HAS BEEN LYING DEEP IN THE EARTH FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS? CAN YOU GUESS?

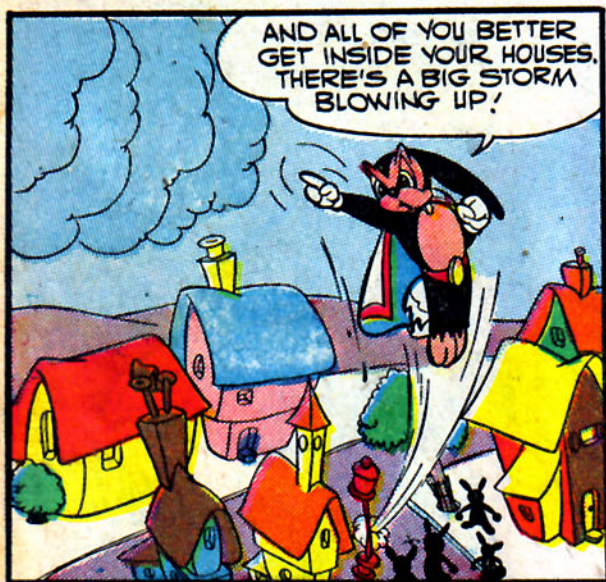


LATER...

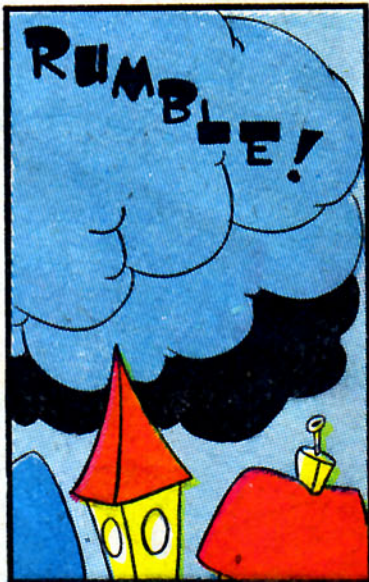
THANKS FOR WANTING TO GIVE ME A PARTY...BUT NOW THAT I KNOW EVERYBODY IN RABBITVILLE IS SAFE, I HAVE TO FLY TO HELP OTHERS!



AND ALL OF YOU BETTER GET INSIDE YOUR HOUSES. THERE'S A BIG STORM BLOWING UP!



AND SO ATOMIC RABBIT GOES... AND THE STORM COMES



A LIGHTNING BOLT ZIG-ZAGS DOWN INTO THE DEEP HOLE FORMED BY THE EARTH-QUAKE...



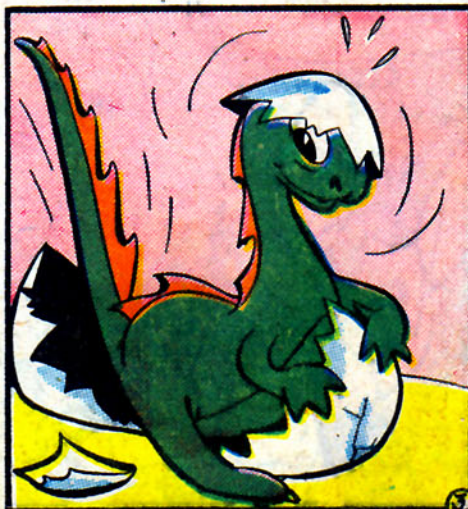
IT HITS THE MYSTERIOUS EGG...



AND WHAT EVER HAS BEEN LYING CURLED UP INSIDE THE EGG FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS, SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE...

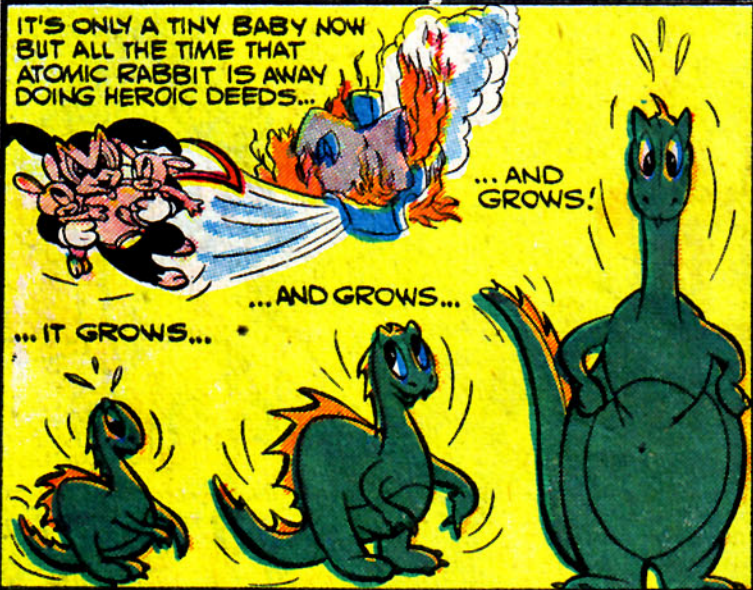


...AND HATCHES! CAN YOU GUESS WHAT IT IS? IT'S A TINY BABY DINOSAUR...



ATOMIC RABBIT

IT'S ONLY A TINY BABY NOW
BUT ALL THE TIME THAT
ATOMIC RABBIT IS AWAY
DOING HEROIC DEEDS...



...AND GROWS!

...AND GROWS...

...IT GROWS...

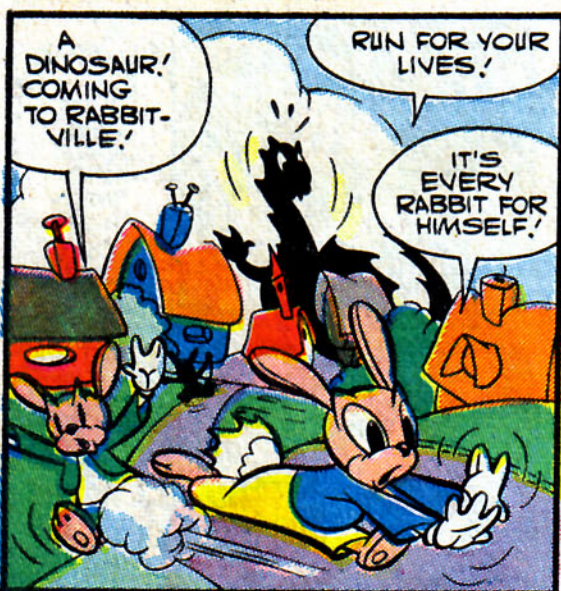
...UNTIL AT LAST IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO
CLIMB RIGHT OUT OF THE DEEP HOLE.



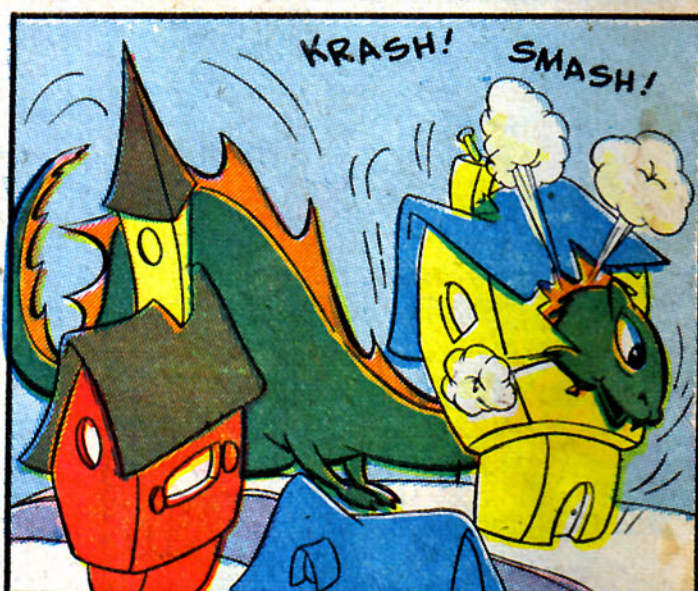
A
DINOSAUR!
COMING
TO RABBIT-
VILLE!

RUN FOR YOUR
LIVES!

IT'S
EVERY
RABBIT FOR
HIMSELF!

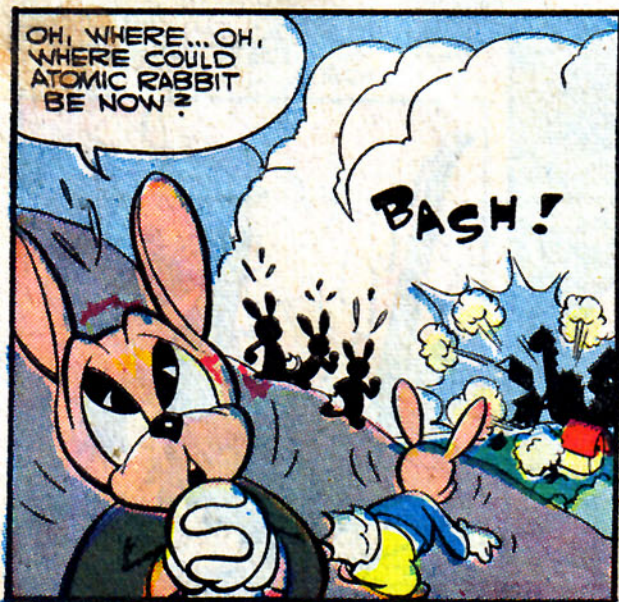


KRASH! SMASH!



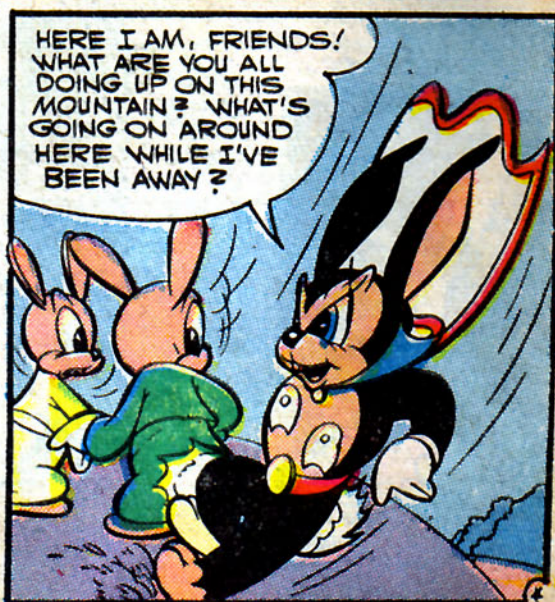
OH, WHERE... OH,
WHERE COULD
ATOMIC RABBIT
BE NOW?

BASH!



JUST
THEN...

HERE I AM, FRIENDS!
WHAT ARE YOU ALL
DOING UP ON THIS
MOUNTAIN? WHAT'S
GOING ON AROUND
HERE WHILE I'VE
BEEN AWAY?



ATOMIC RABBIT

AFTER
ATOMIC
RABBIT
HEARS
THE
WHOLE
STORY

HMMM... I'VE BEEN
HELPING SO MANY
PEOPLE LATELY,
MY STRENGTH HAS
RUN DOWN! TO
TACKLE THAT DINO-
SAUR, I'LL HAVE
TO BE AS STRONG
AS A HUNDRED
LIONS!

...SO I BETTER
EAT MY LAST BUNCH
OF 1235 CARROTS
RIGHT NOW!

BUT
WHAT
OUR HERO
DOESN'T
KNOW IS
THAT SLY
FOX, HIS
ENEMY, IS
UP TO ONE
OF THOSE
NASTY
TRICKS
OF HIS
THIS VERY
MOMENT...

HEH-HEH-HEH!
I KNEW HE'D
REACH FOR
THOSE 1235
CARROTS TO
GET SUPER
STRENGTH...

...SO I'M SWITCHING
CARROTS ON HIM! THESE
ARE PLAIN CARROTS
I'M PUTTING IN HIS
POUCH! WHEN HE
EATS THESE, HE'LL
BE AS RUN-
DOWN AS
EVER!

GOOD LUCK,
ATOMIC-
RABBIT!

HEH-HEH! ONCE HE
TACKLES THAT DINO-
SAUR, HE'LL BE LUCKY
TO COME OUT
ALIVE!

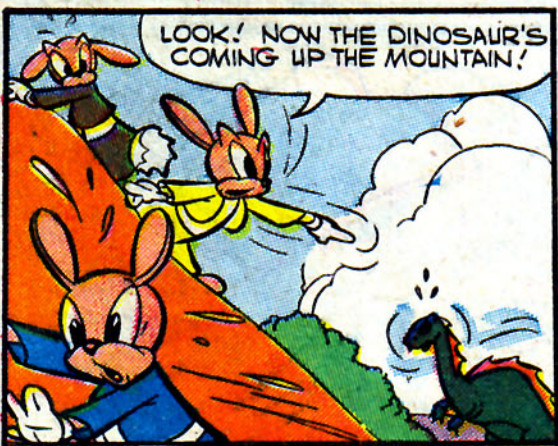
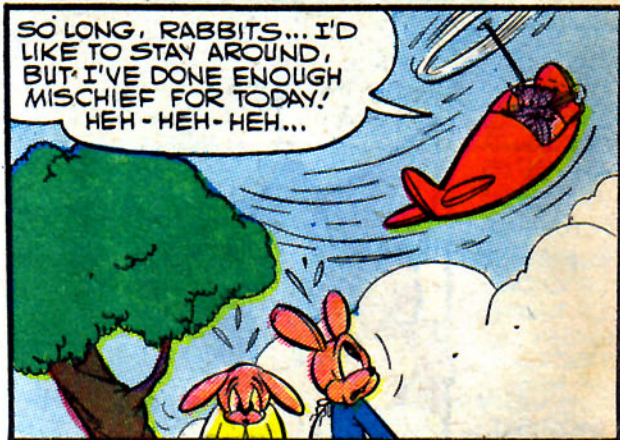
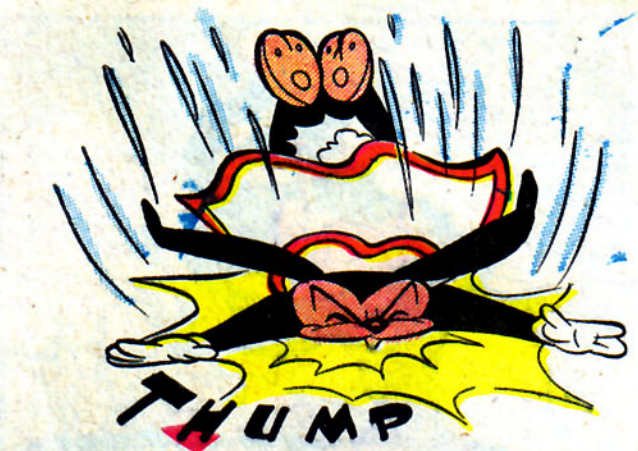
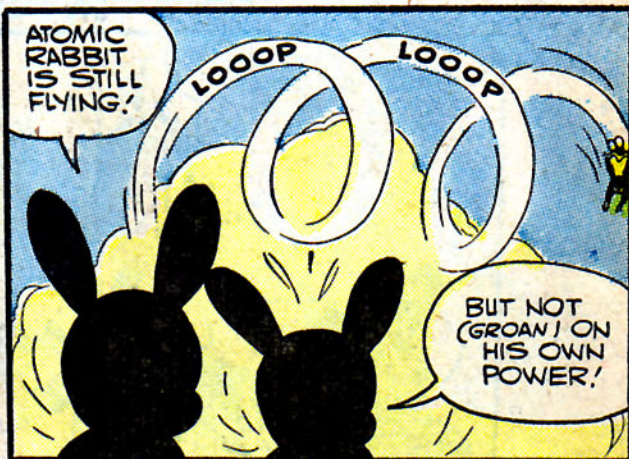
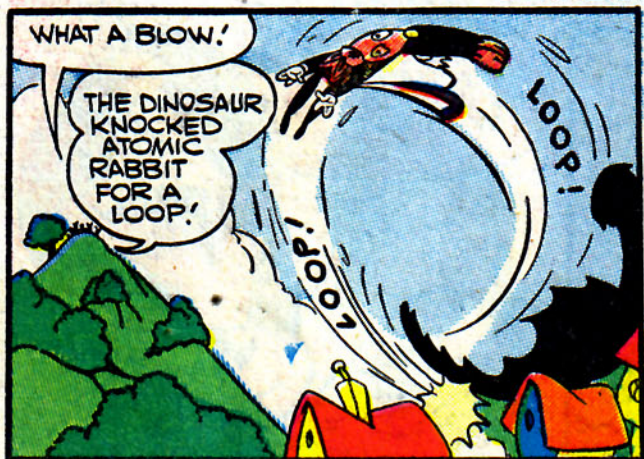
I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
WHY I'M FLYING
SO SLOWLY! WELL,
NO TIME TO WORRY
NOW! I HAVE A JOB
TO DO!

HMPF!

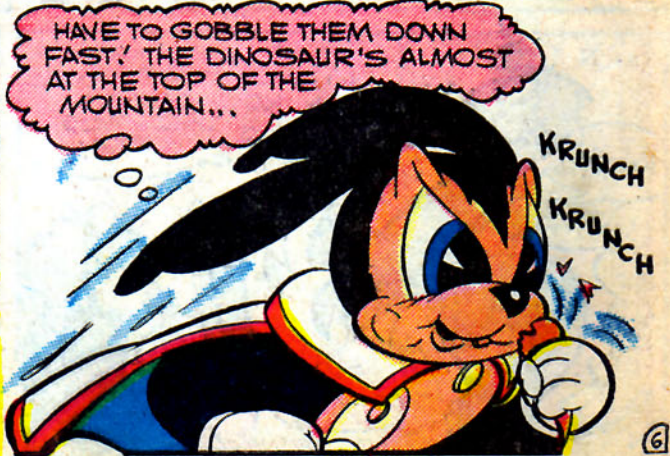
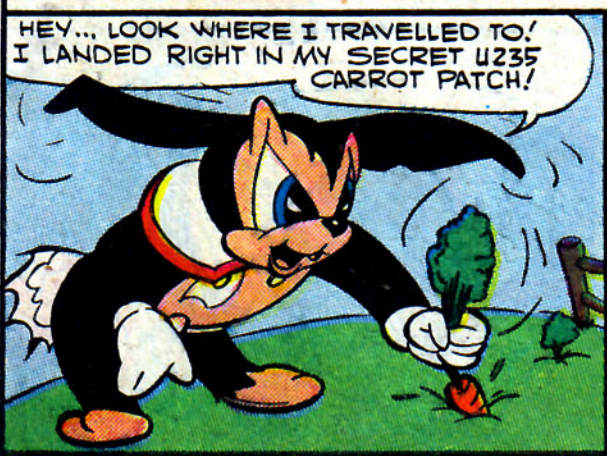
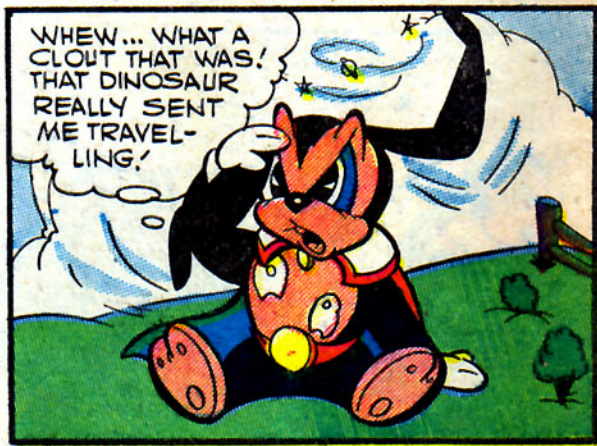
HEY, YOU... ARE YOU GO-
ING TO LEAVE RABBITVILLE
NOW--OR DO I
THROW YOU
OUT?!

HEY?!

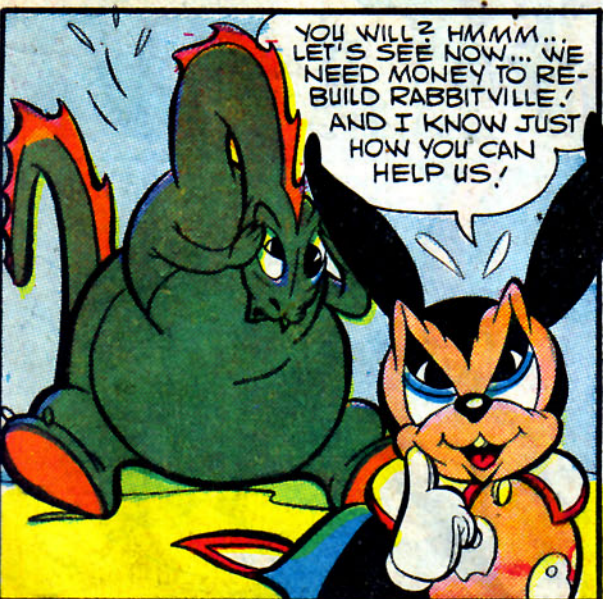
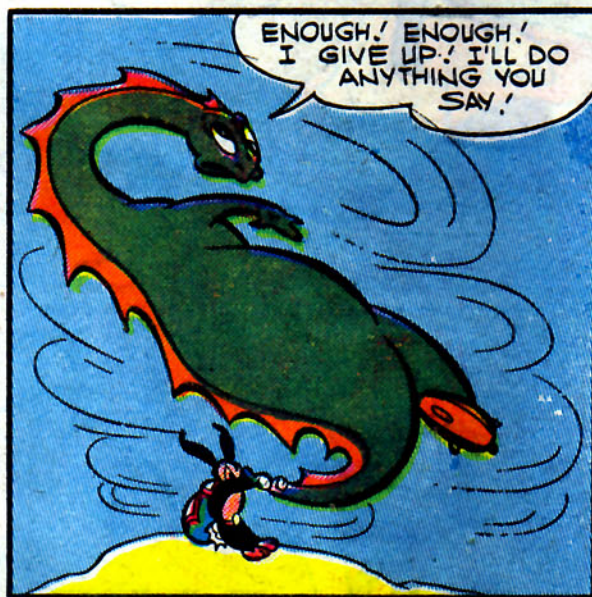
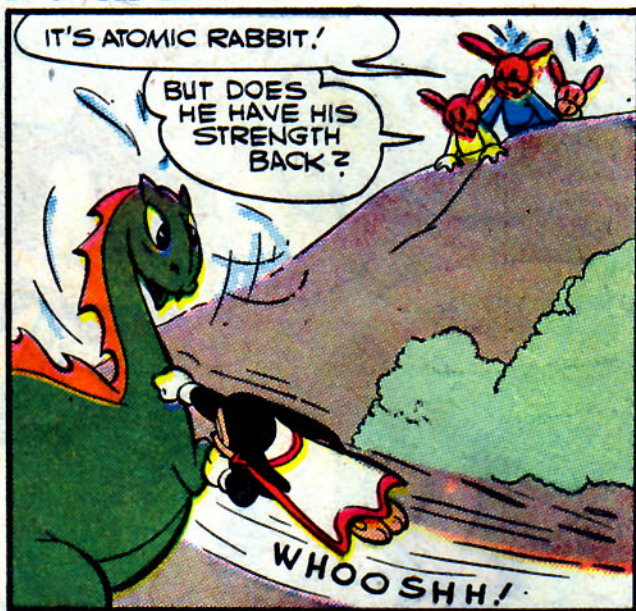
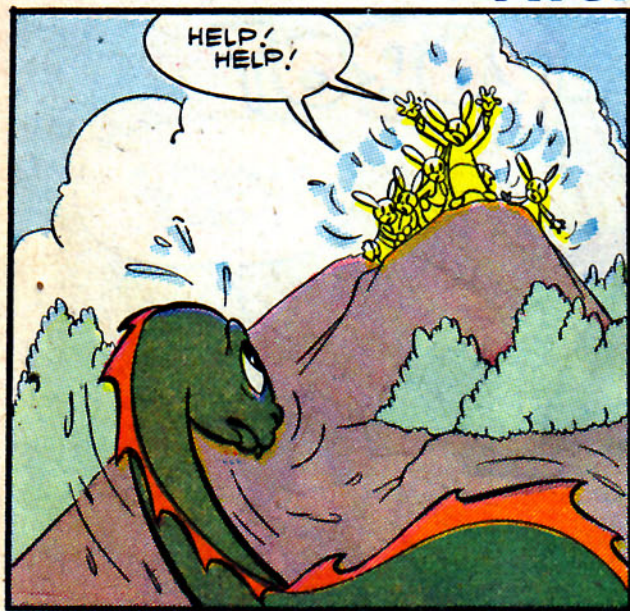
ATOMIC RABBIT



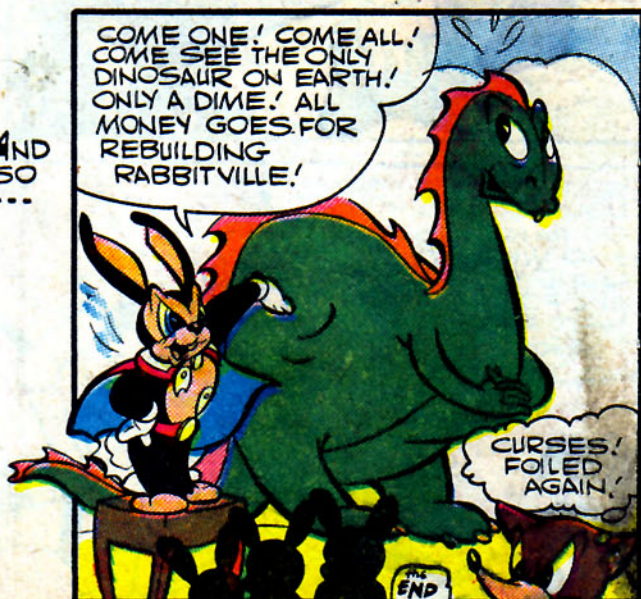
MEAN-
WHILE...



ATOMIC RABBIT

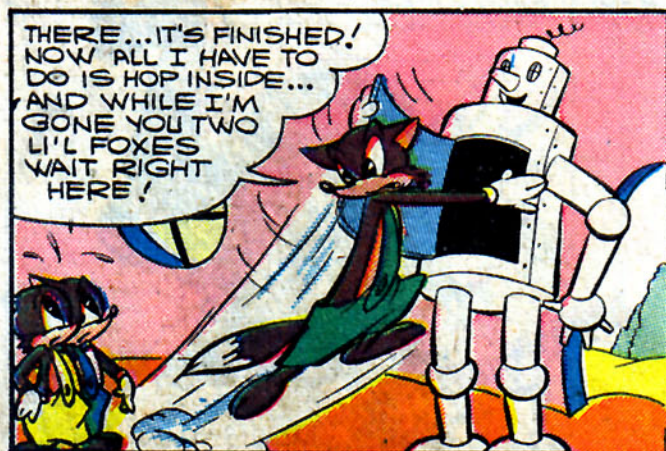
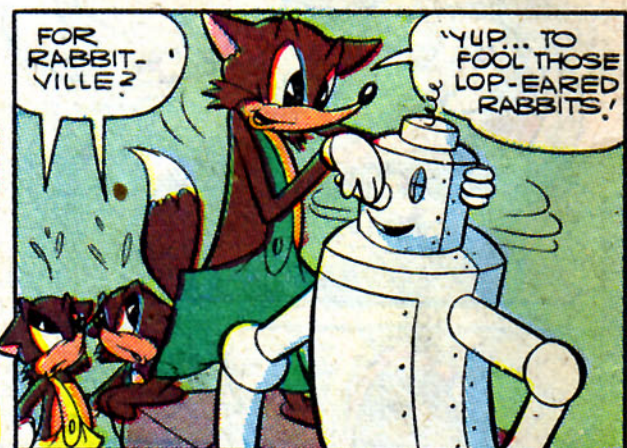
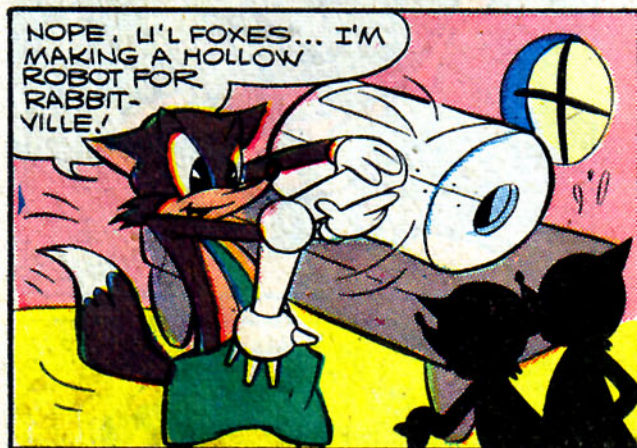
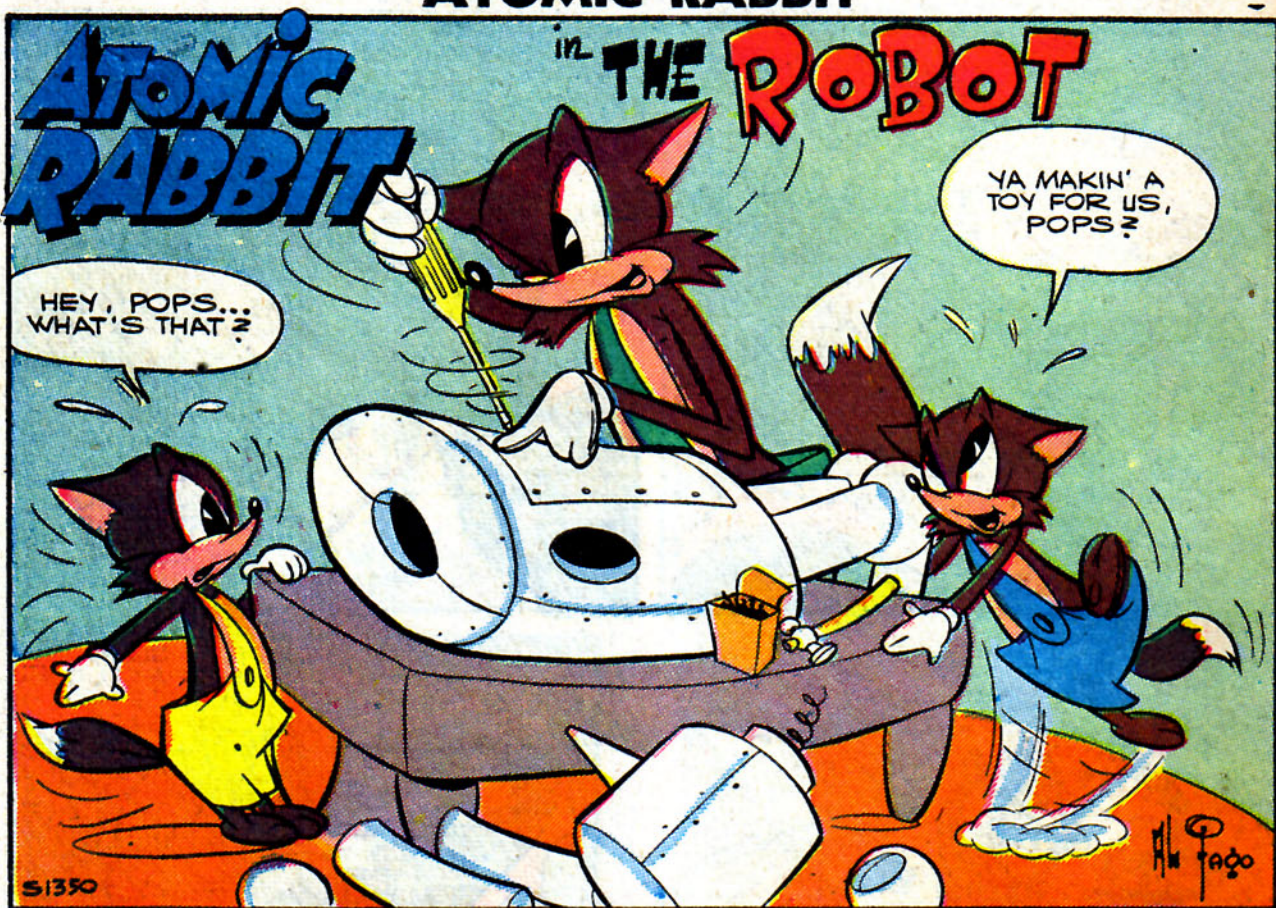


AND SO ...



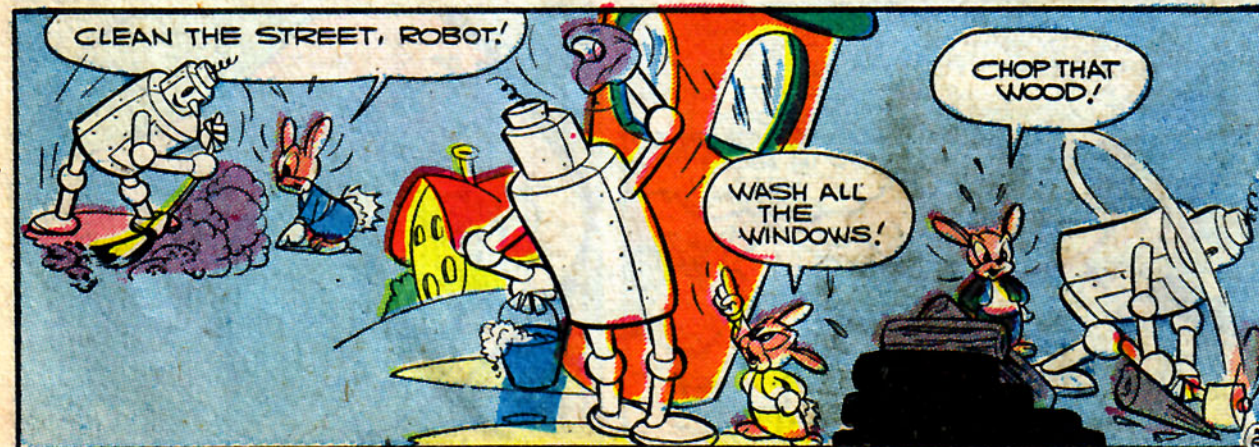
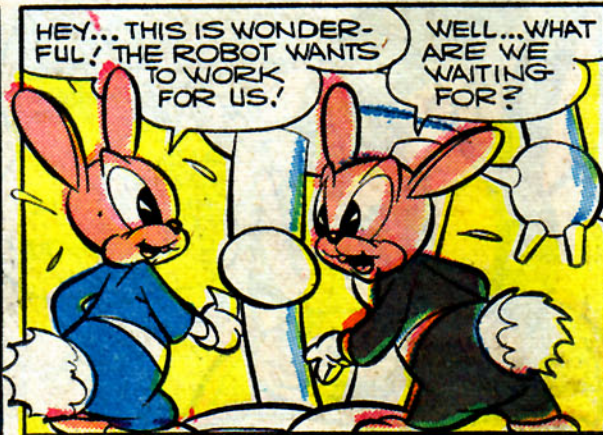
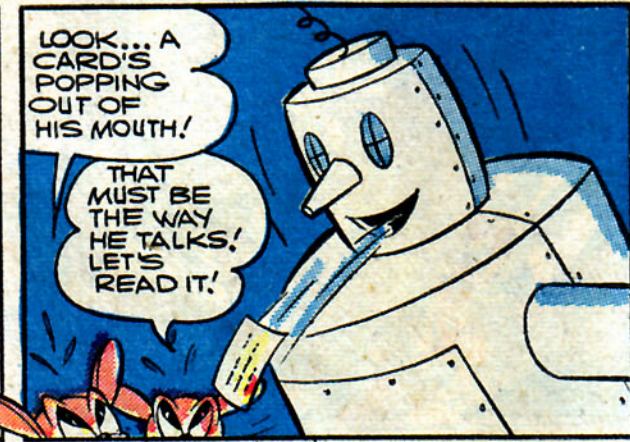
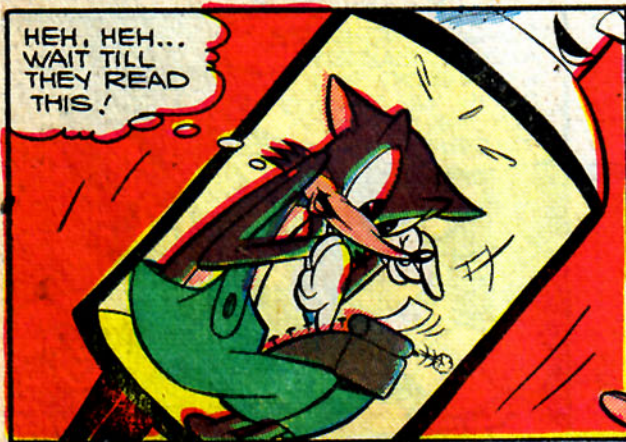
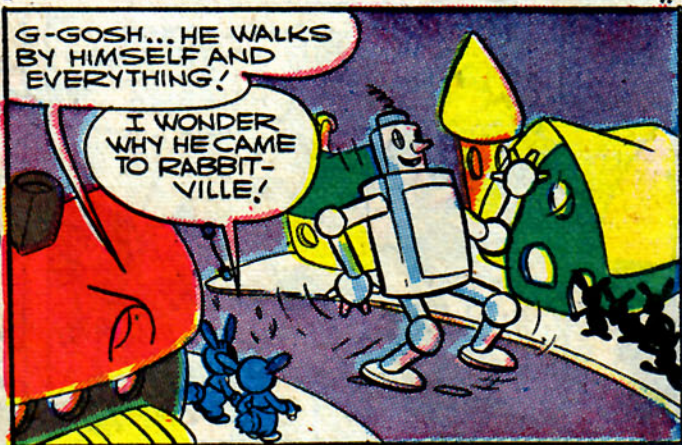
ATOMIC RABBIT

in THE ROBOT

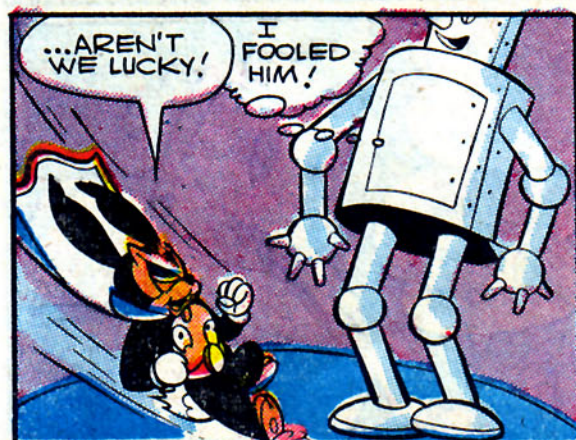
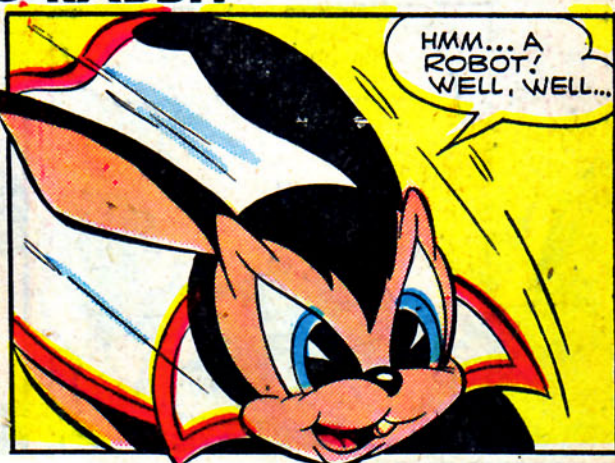
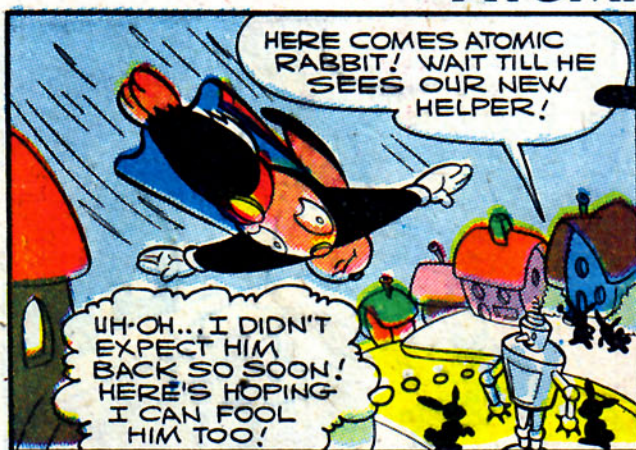


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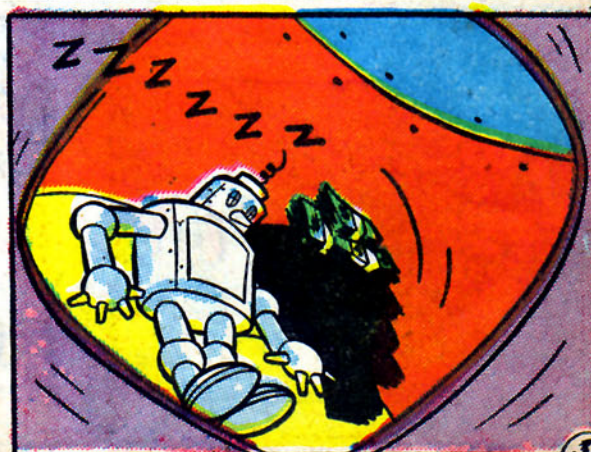
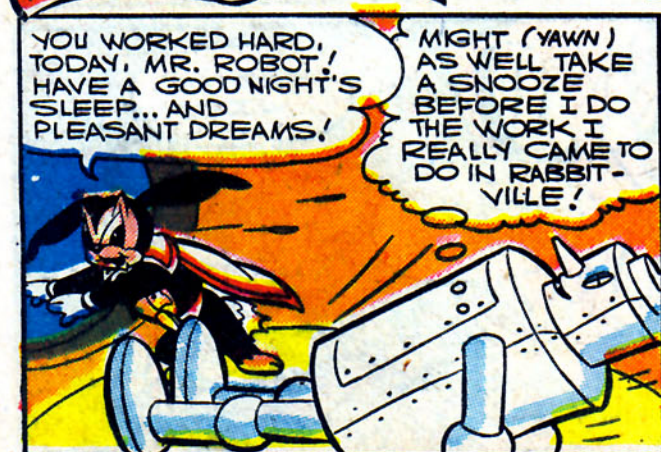
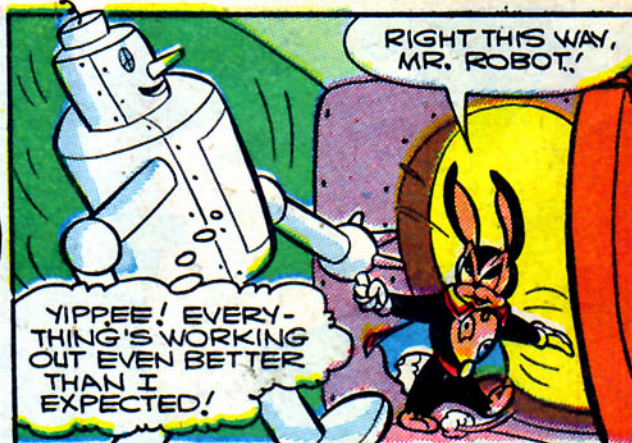
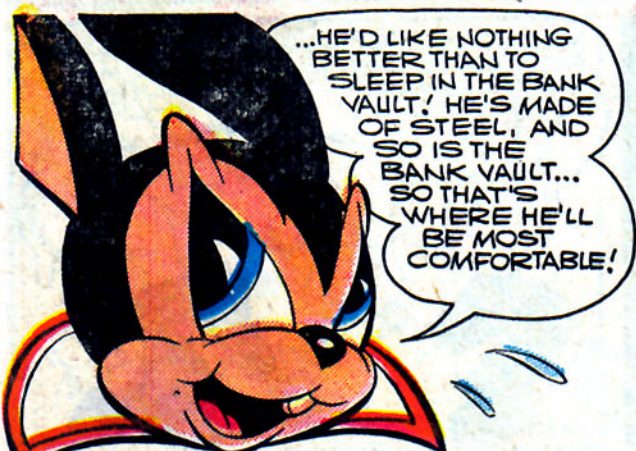
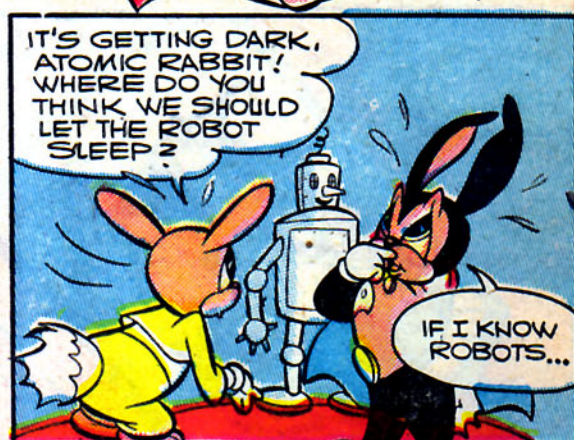
7.



ATOMIC RABBIT



LATER

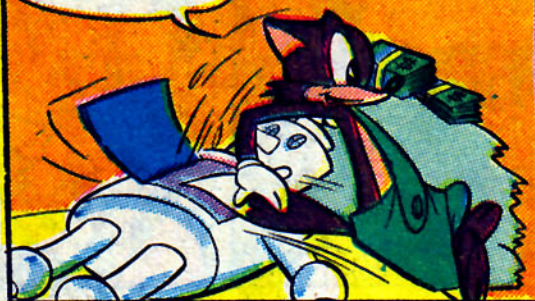


ATOMIC RABBIT

77

AFTER
THE
SNOOZE

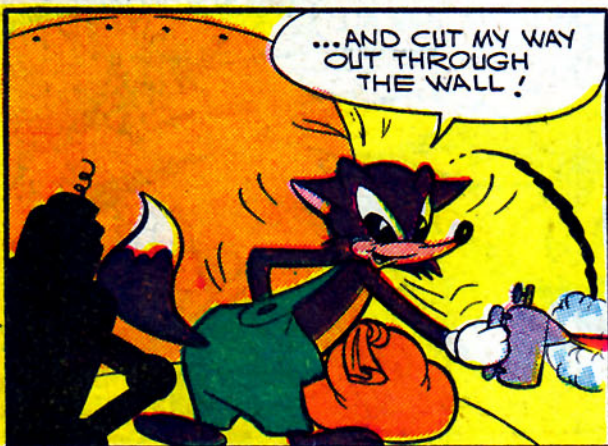
HEH-HEH-HEH...
EVERYTHING'S
SMOOTH AS
SILK!



NOW ALL I HAVE TO
DO IS GET ALL THE
MONEY INTO
THIS SACK...



...AND CUT MY WAY
OUT THROUGH
THE WALL!

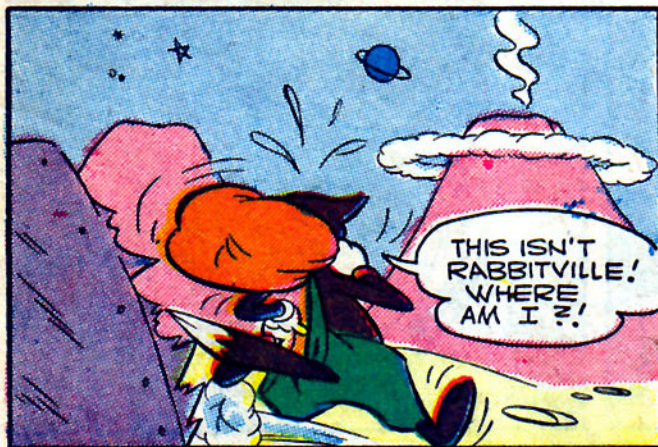


HEH-HEH-- JUST
WAIT TILL THOSE
LOP-EARED RABBITS
FIND OUT THAT I
CLEANED OUT...

HEY?!



THIS ISN'T
RABBITVILLE!
WHERE
AM I?!



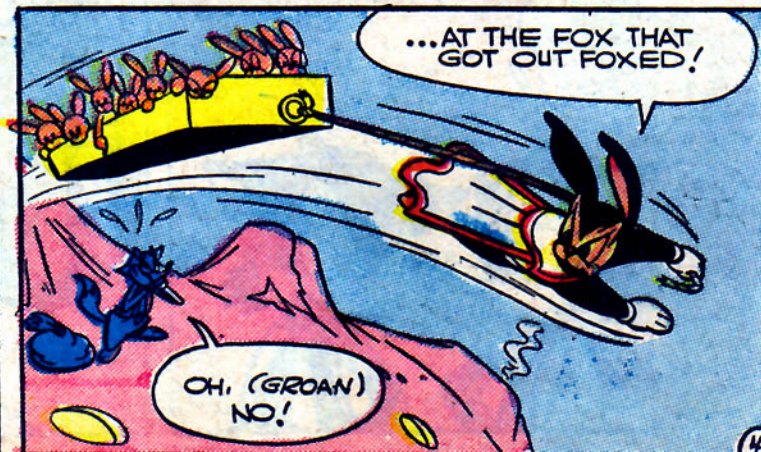
...I-I'M ON
ANOTHER PLANET!
HOW'D I EVER
GET HERE?



THERE HE IS,
FOLKS! TAKE
A GOOD
LOOK...



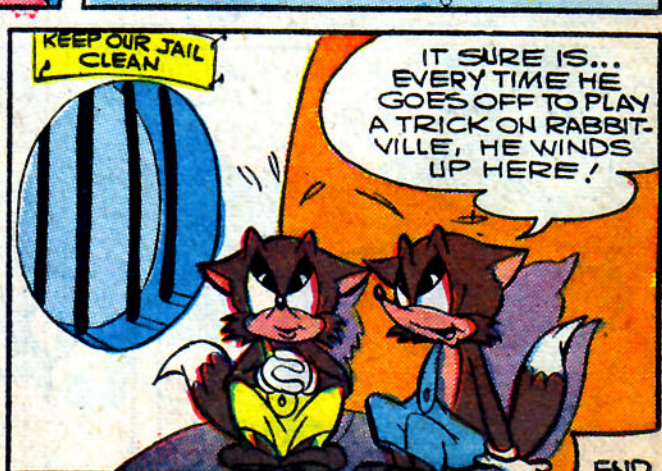
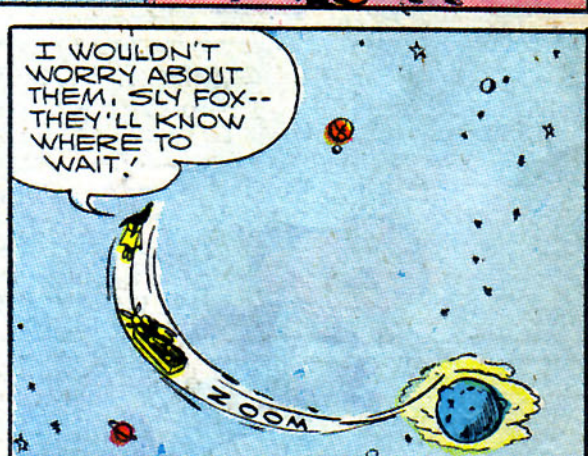
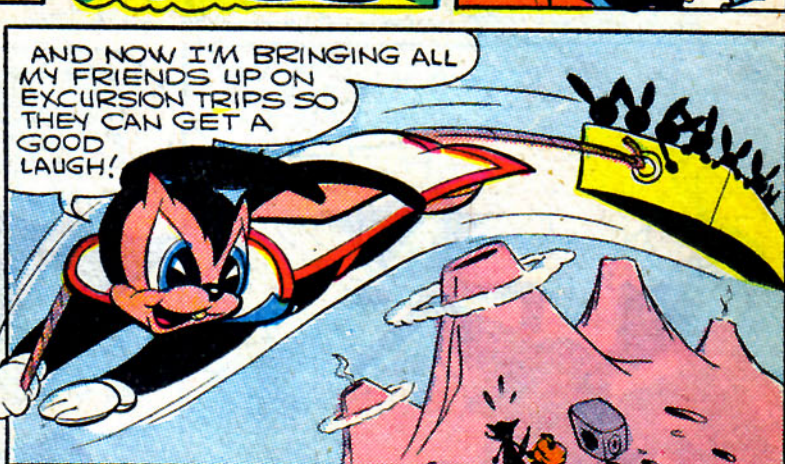
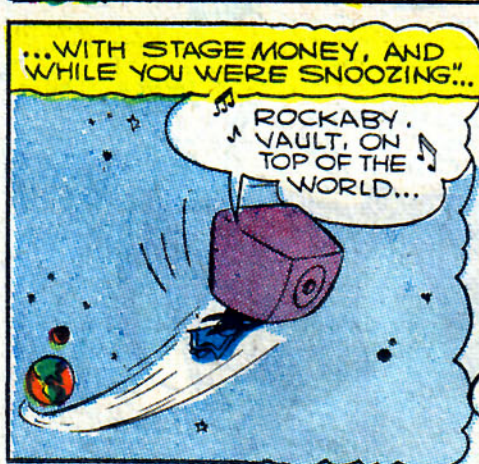
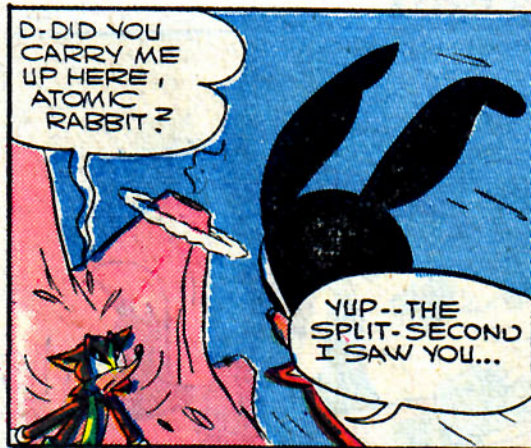
...AT THE FOX THAT
GOT OUT FOXED!



OH, (GROAN)
NO!

4.

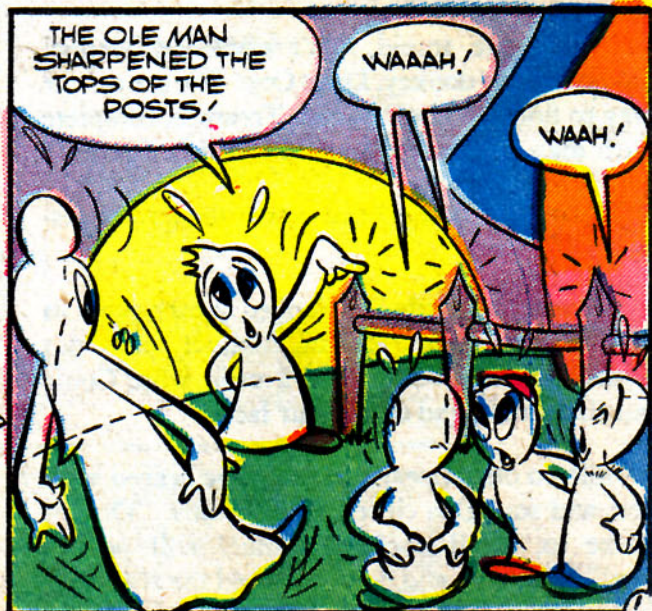
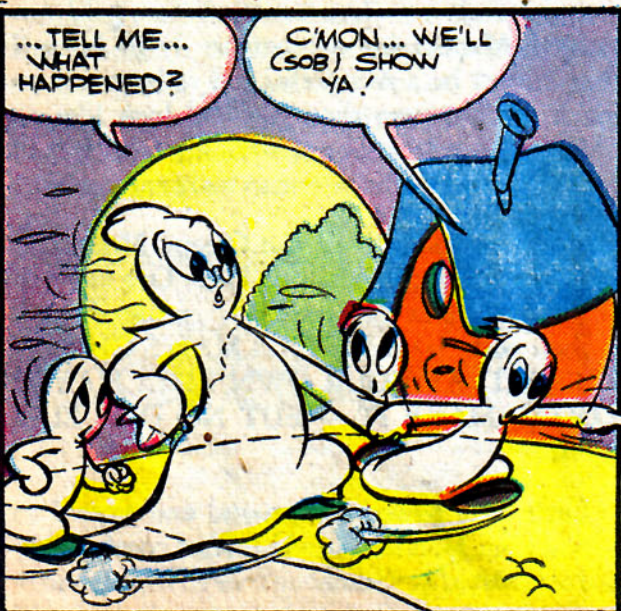
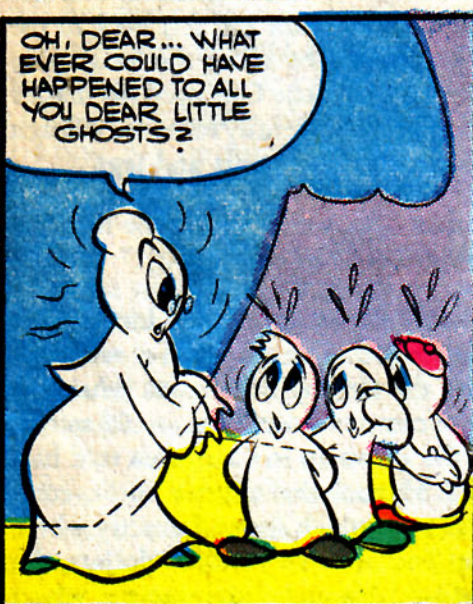
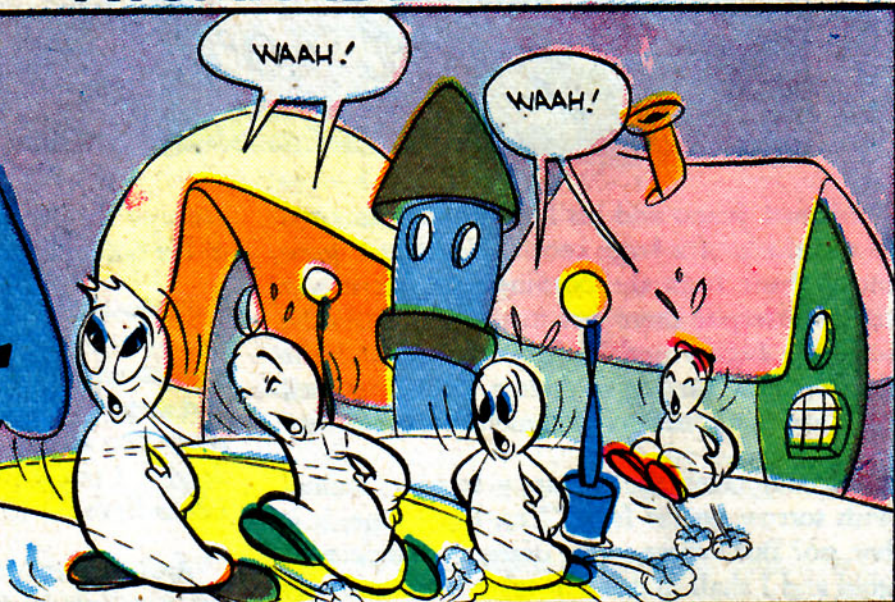
ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT

TIMMY The TIMID GHOST is GET THE POINT

51375



A Fool for Gold!

Manuel Juano and his little donkey snoozed in the shade of a large cactus. Not that it gave much shade from the burning sun, but it was the only respite there was in the desert. As the sun rose higher and higher, Manuel and the donkey kept moving to follow the shade until they had gone half way around the huge cactus.

Manuel faced the unhappy looking animal with sorrow on his face. "Yes, Little One, it is hot, no? But I came to the desert to prospect for gold and I shall find it if it takes the rest of my life! We must keep our courage high, Little One, and then with patience we shall become rich!"

The trouble with Manuel was that he went to the movies too often. That was how he learned all about prospecting and panning gold in rivers and everything else that goes with mining. Or did he?

"Yes, Little One, we'll be rich and famous! You, my little donkey friend, shall have the finest shawls to wear about your neck—and a big straw sombrero to shade your eyes from the sun! In fact you shall have a different hat for every day in the week! And I will have big cars and—"

Manuel's day dreaming came to an abrupt end when suddenly a voice from nowhere cried out, "Whoo-o-o?"

"Who? Me, stupid, that's who! Me, Manuel Juano and his donkey, Little One! We are on our way to find the Lost Spanish Treasure, complete with map and everything! We will be heroes!"

Again the voice echoed across the empty desert: "Whoo-o-o?"

Manuel and Little One looked at each other in fear. After a long moment, Manuel spoke out with false bravado. "Whaddya mean, who? Come out like a man and show your face!"

Still no one appeared. Little One brayed with fear and snuggled closer to his master. "Do not shake so, small donkey, Manuel will protect you!" Both man and beast searched the area carefully with their eyes and finally Manuel found the

cause of the "voice"—A tiny owl nestled in one of the holes of the giant cactus plant.

"Who-o-!" said the owl. "Whoo-oo!"

Manuel looked at the tiny owl with annoyance and anger. "You've got a nerve fooling me like that! You almost frightened poor Little One to death!! I oughta climb up there and—By gosh, I do believe I will!"

And with that he started to scale the trunk of the huge plant. But it was a mistake. Manuel Juano let out a roar of pain and fell back to the ground. He had forgotten about the long spiny needles of the cactus! Little One eyed his master mournfully as Manuel carefully removed a dozen or more needles from his pants and legs.

"Come, Little One, we have no time to waste on foolish owls! Let us be on our way!"

Manuel loaded the equipment on Little One's back and they set off. The map said it was only forty miles to the Creepy Mountains where he would find the camp of Loco Pete, an old miner. That's what the salesman in California told him when he sold Manuel the miner's outfit, complete with the map which showed exactly where the gold was. For an extra hundred dollars, the salesman had sold Manuel a divining-rod which was guaranteed to show exactly where gold was located. Manuel mused contentedly to himself that it must be a wonderful rod to be worth so much money, even though it did look like an ordinary branch from any ordinary tree. But of course, it wasn't—the salesman had guaranteed it!

Soon the foothills of the Creepy Mountains came into view. Manuel and Little One came to an abrupt stop as they faced a large sign directly in their path. It read: DEAD MAN'S GULCH! PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK! MAYBE YOU'LL MAKE IT — BUT NO ONE ELSE HAS!

Little One pawed the ground and started to back up but Manuel patted his head comfortably and said casually, "Someone tries to frighten us—but we don't scare that easily, my small donkey!"

Darkness was quickly coming over the desert so Manuel and Little One pitched camp near the ominous sign. Manuel was eager to test his precious divining-rod which would lead him to gold. He closed his eyes and held the rod out in front of him. Suddenly he received a shock! He had walked into a chunk of overhanging rock and got a bang on the head.

Divining-rod Bosh! Manuel kicked angrily at the cliff, and noticed a yellow glitter at his feet. Oh, well, that was different! Gold, and on the very first try! He turned and smiled brightly at Little One. "Did you see that, my friend? The divining-rod has great powers, does it not? We shall be rich in no time!"

Little One brayed happily and then promptly went to sleep.

For two days, Manuel and Little One stayed encamped in Dead Man's Gulch. From morning until sun down, Manuel hacked away and gathered more and more of the yellow metal until there was none left. He cached it carefully away in a small cave nearby. He was taking no chances. The next day he would take as much gold as Little One could carry to the Assayer's Office in Dry Falls.

At last he would be a millionaire! He filled Little One with plans for their new future; "I'll buy a hacienda high in the mountains with an outdoor swimming pool—and we shall bask in the sun all day! It will truly be magnificent, my friend!"

That night when Manuel and Little One lay sleeping, a band of Indians approached their small camp. The prospector awakened to find himself and his little donkey surrounded by the fearful sight of forty Indians doing a war dance about them. Manuel immediately tried to run away but he was captured and tied up. He and Little One snuggled close to each other as the Indian Chief approached. "What is white man doing in Pohn Indian country?"

Manuel stutteringly told them all about the salesman who had sold him the divining-rod and guaranteed it, and about the gold he had found. When he had finished the story, the Chief ordered his men to untie the prisoner. He said that no

white man had ever left their ancient tribal lands alive but that he was sure Manuel would bring them no harm. How could he? He was so stupid!

Manuel and Little One bowed before the great Indian Chief. After Manuel had brought out samples of the metal he'd been mining, the Chief laughed so hard that he fell over and kept rolling on the ground. Soon after a ceremony was held and the Indians dubbed Manuel an honorary Chief of the Pohis—Chief Stupid!

At daybreak, the Indians departed and Manuel turned to Little One with pride on his face. "From now on you had better show me greater respect, small donkey—for I am an Indian Chief! It was foolish of you to cower so when the Indians awakened us! Did you not realize that Manuel would protect you from harm?"

Then Manuel Juano and the little donkey took their leave of Dead Man's Gulch. Little One carried great bags of the yellow metal on his back and Manuel sang loudly as they retraced their steps to Dry Falls. "I can hardly wait to see the face of the man at the Assayer's Office when we present him with the bags of gold, Little One! They will probably have to send to the bank for more money with which to pay us! I already feel like a great man!"

At the end of two days, Manuel and Little One reached Dry Falls. They went immediately to the Assayer's Office. With great pride Manuel reached down and picked up one of the heavy bags of metal. With a grand flourish he spread its contents on the counter. "How much do I get for all this gold?" he asked.

The assayer looked at him for a moment and then threw a nickel on the counter. "All right, Señor. Take that junk out of here!"

"It's gold, isn't it?"

"Sure."

"Then why don't you want it?"

"It's fool's gold! It isn't worth anything. Take it away, Stupid!"

And that very moment, Manuel Juano swore that he was through with prospecting for all time! ~ End ~

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1915, AND JULY 3, 1916 (TITUS 29, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 211) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF:

ATOMIC HARBET

Published Bi-monthly at Derby, Conn., for September 20, 1934.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Edward Levy, Westfield, Conn.
Editor and Managing Editor—Burton M. Levy, Orange, Conn.
Business Manager—John Santasalo, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

Charlton Press, Inc., Charlton Building, Derby, Conn.

Edward Levy, Westfield, Conn.

John Santasalo, Derby, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company or is in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the correctness of the books of the company as to the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bondholders and mortgagees in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1934.

(SEAL)

BURTON M. LEVY, Editor

Edward A. Randall (Notary Public)

(My commission expires April 1, 1935)

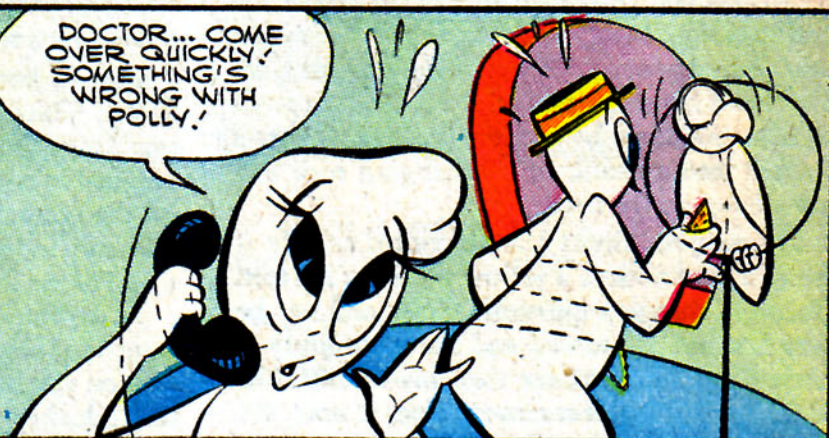
ATOMIC RABBIT

TIMMY The TIMID GHOST

ON
'POLLY. THE
GHOST PARROT'

51376

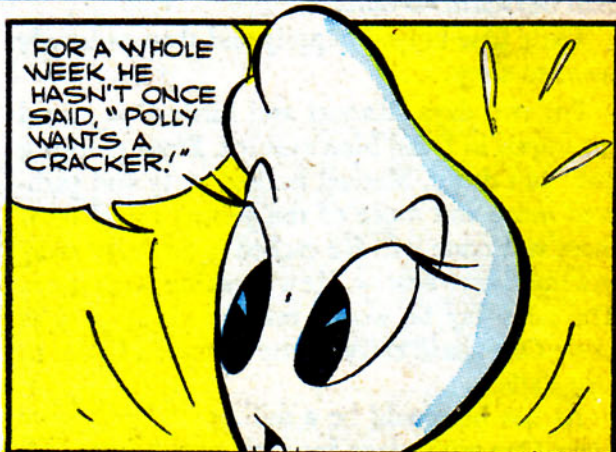
DOCTOR... COME
OVER QUICKLY!
SOMETHING'S
WRONG WITH
POLLY!



WHAT SEEMS TO BE
THE TROUBLE?

WE DON'T KNOW,
POLLY HASN'T
BEEN HIMSELF
LATELY!

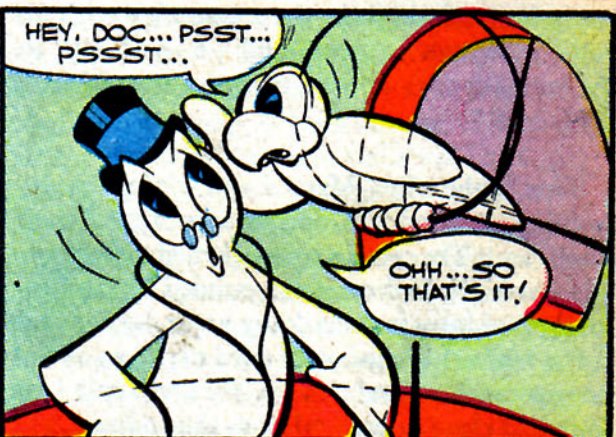
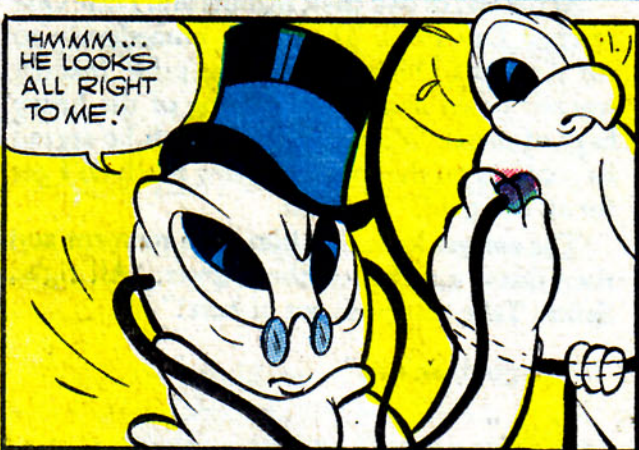
FOR A WHOLE
WEEK HE
HASN'T ONCE
SAID, "POLLY
WANTS A
CRACKER!"



HMMM...
HE LOOKS
ALL RIGHT
TO ME!

HEY, DOC... PSSST...
PSSST...

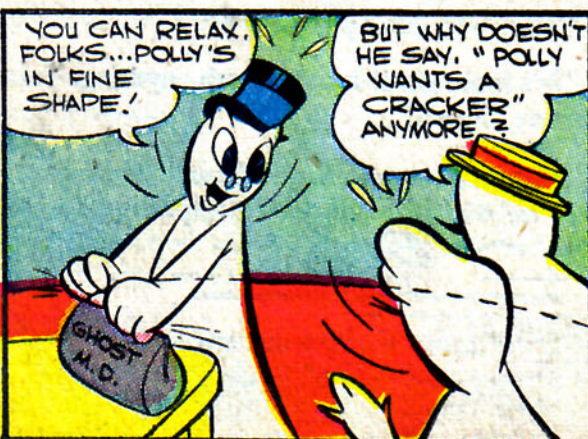
OHH... SO
THAT'S IT!



YOU CAN RELAX,
FOLKS... POLLY'S
IN FINE
SHAPE!

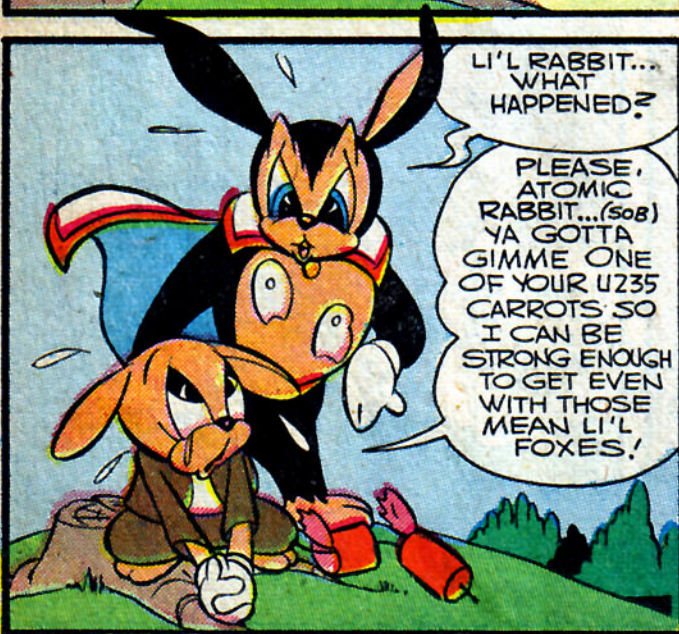
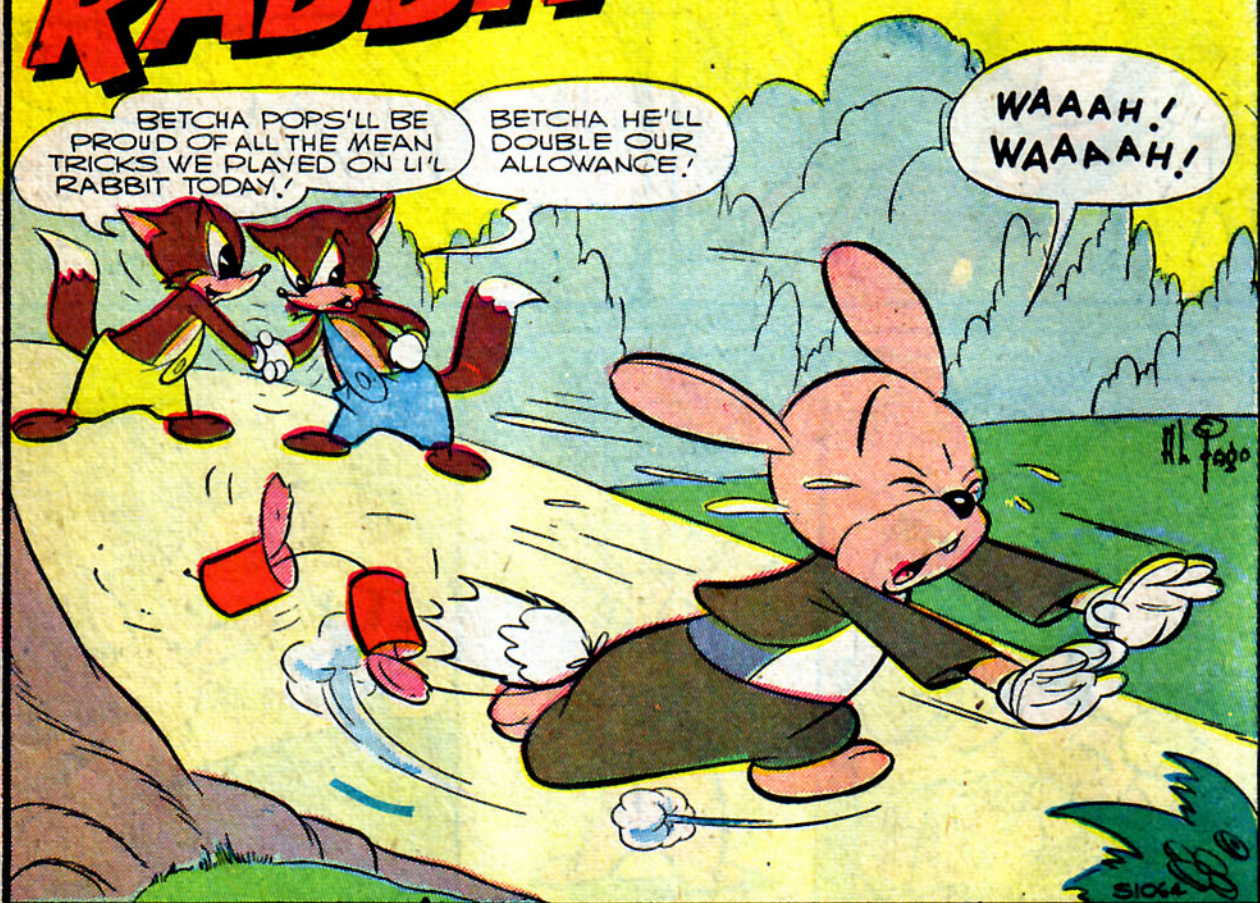
BUT WHY DOESN'T
HE SAY, "POLLY
WANTS A
CRACKER"
ANYMORE?

BECAUSE HE'S ON
A DIET... THAT'S
WHY!

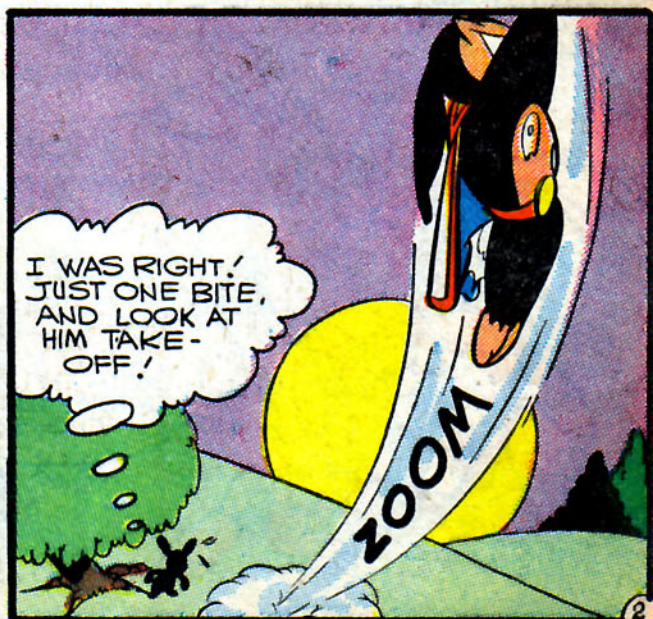
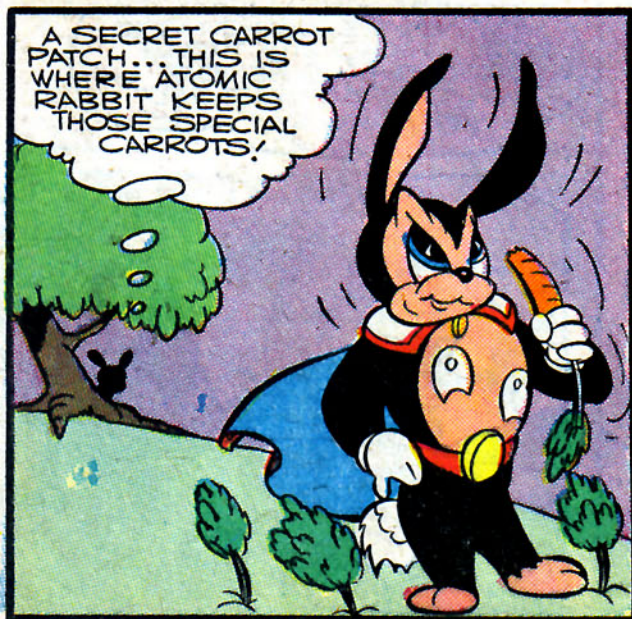
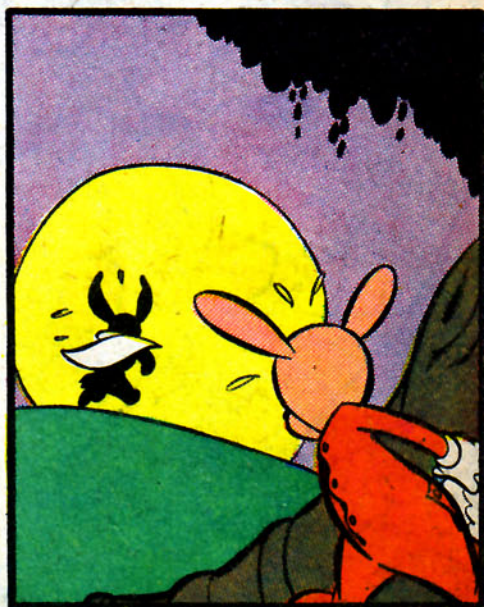
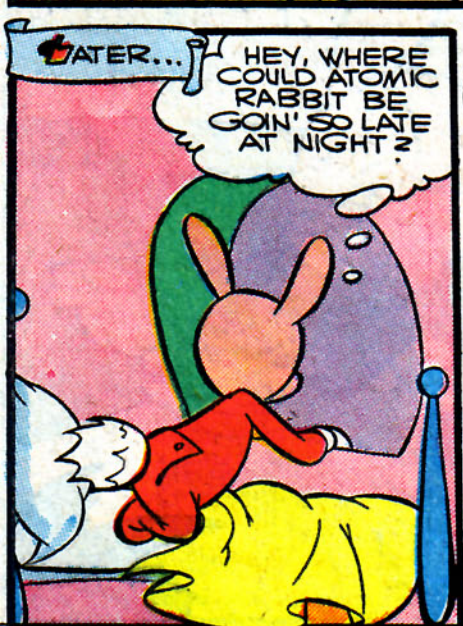
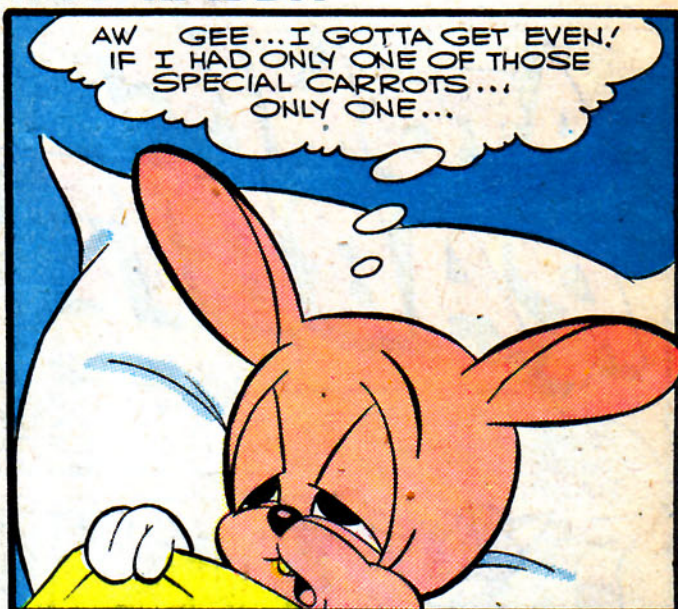
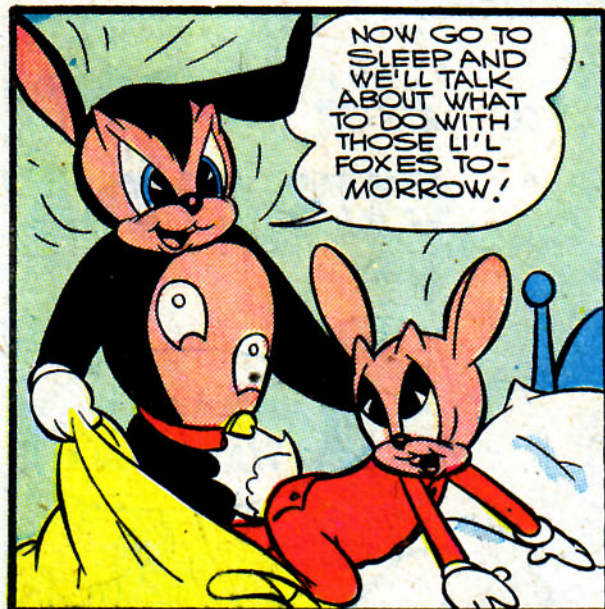


ATOMIC RABBIT

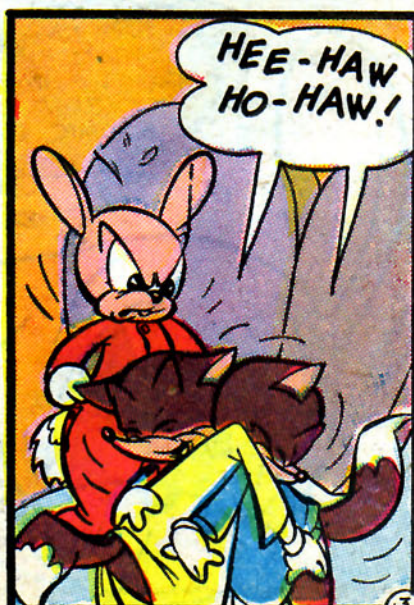
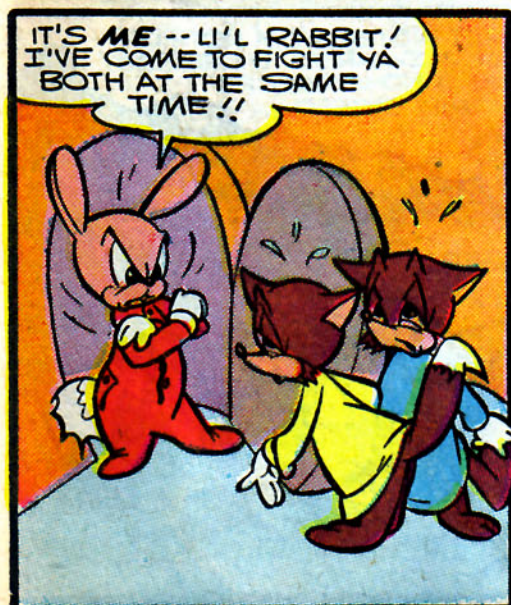
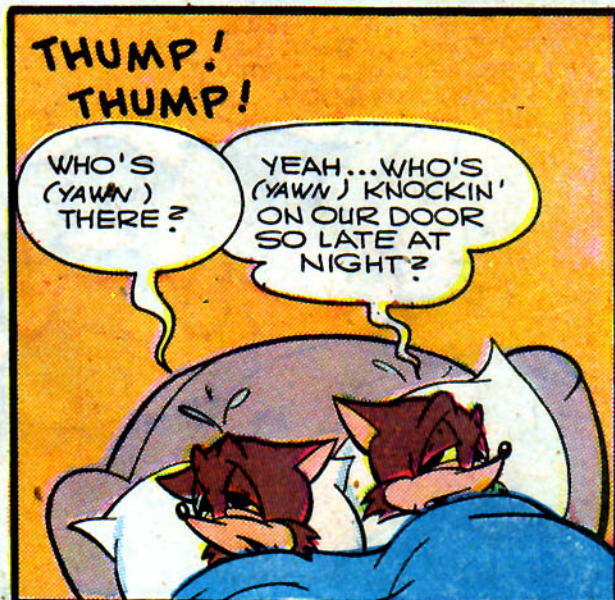
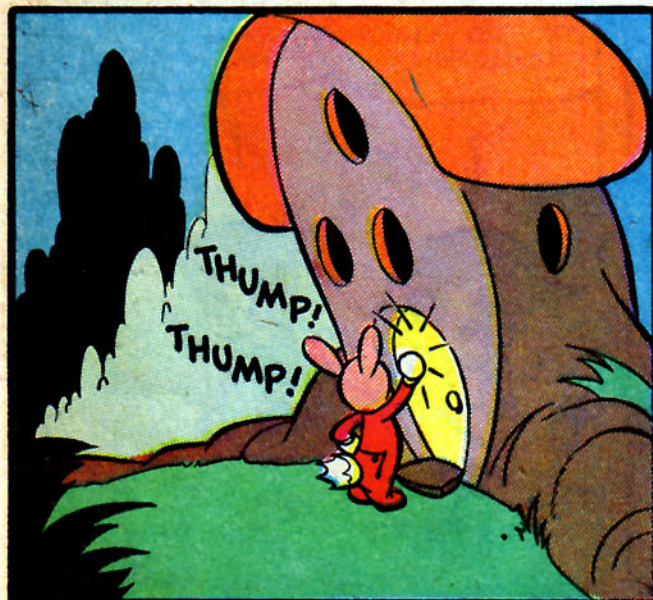
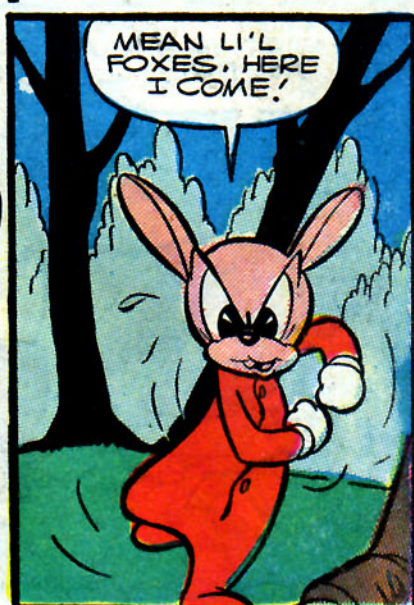
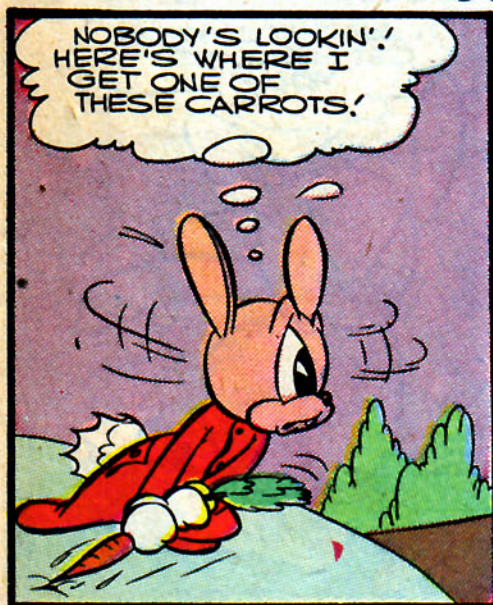
in 'LI'L RABBIT
GETS EVEN'



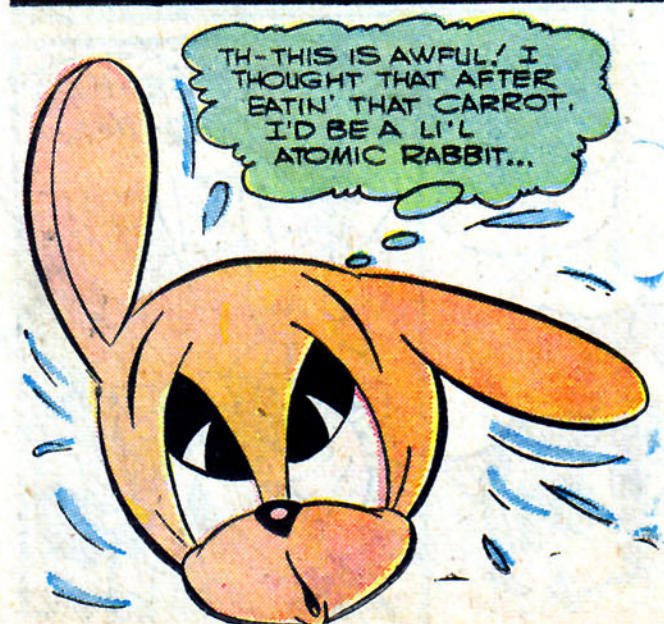
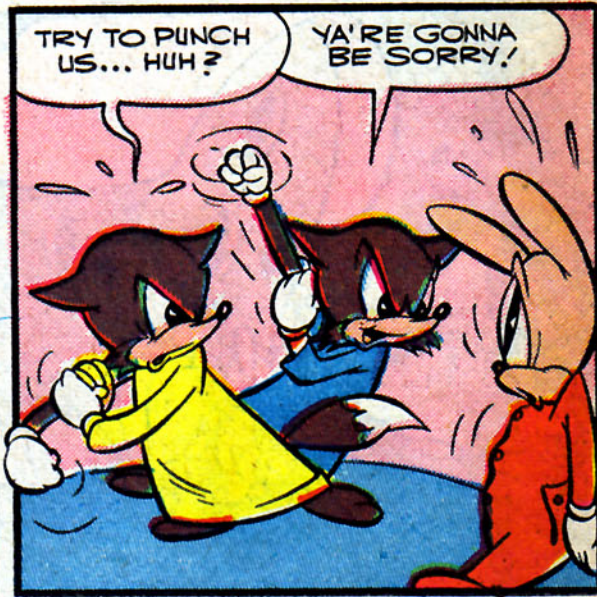
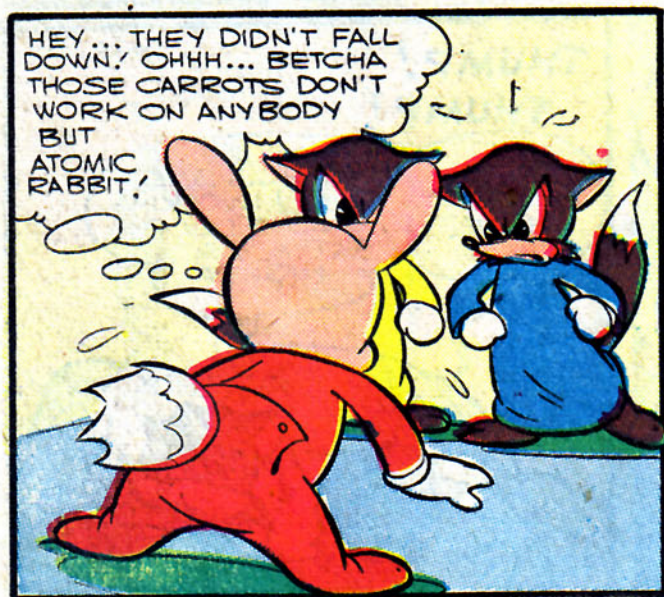
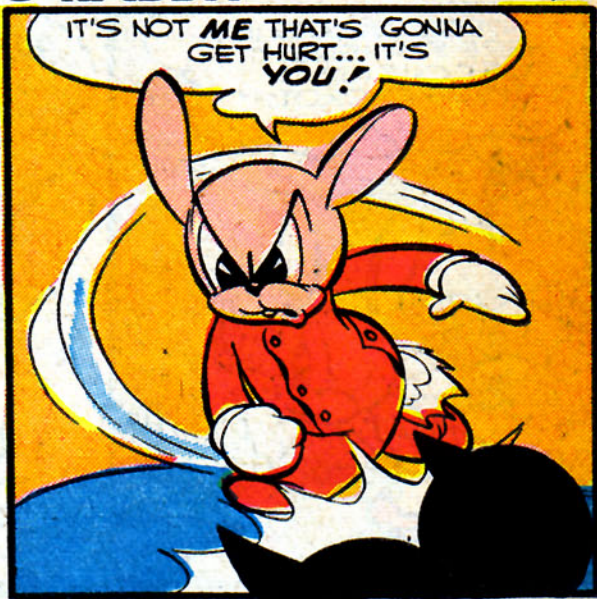
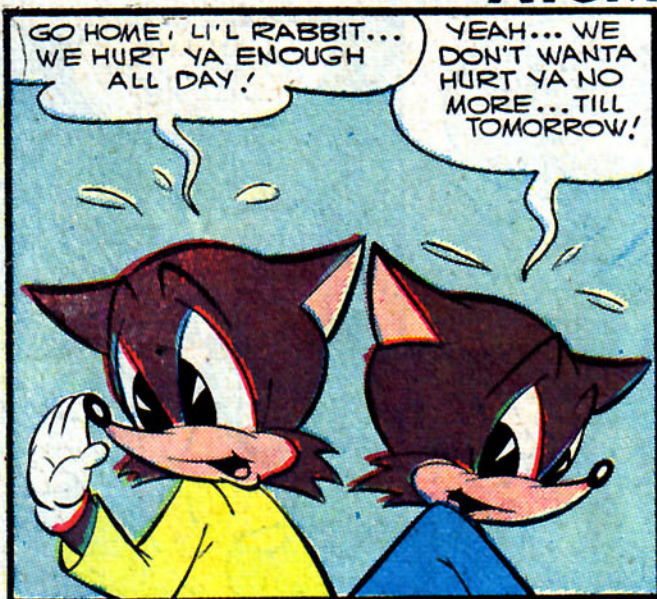
ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT

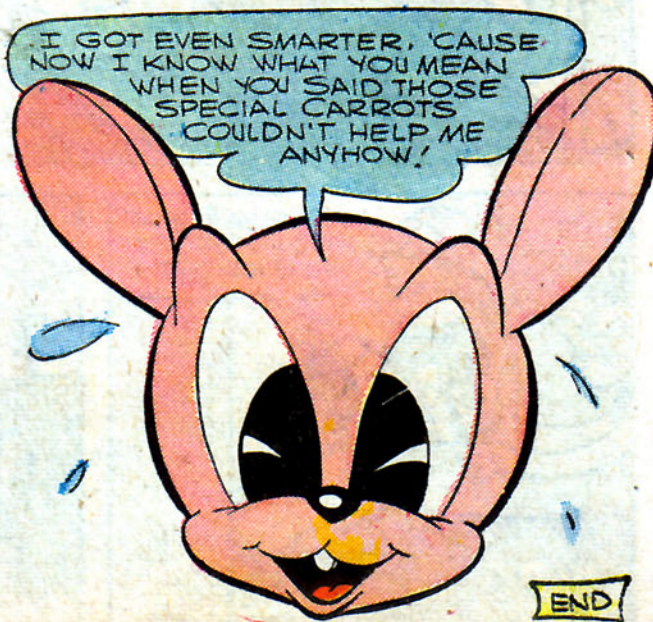
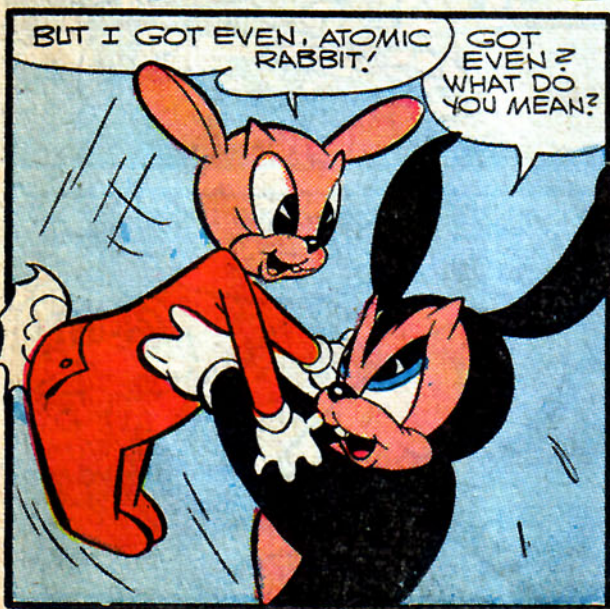
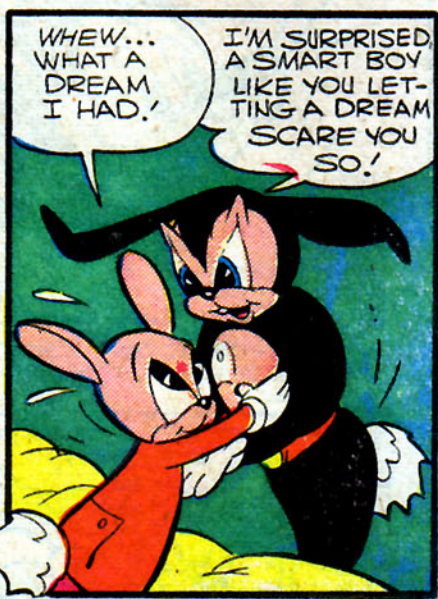
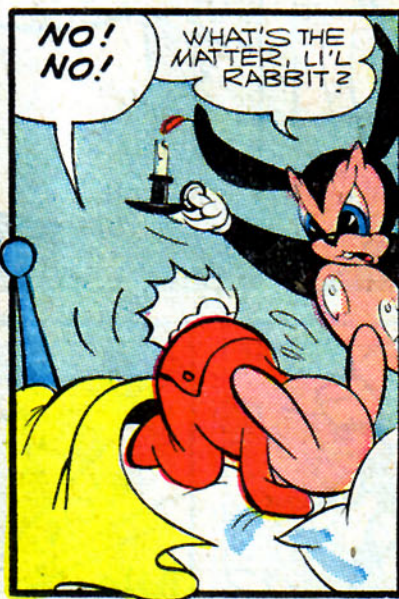
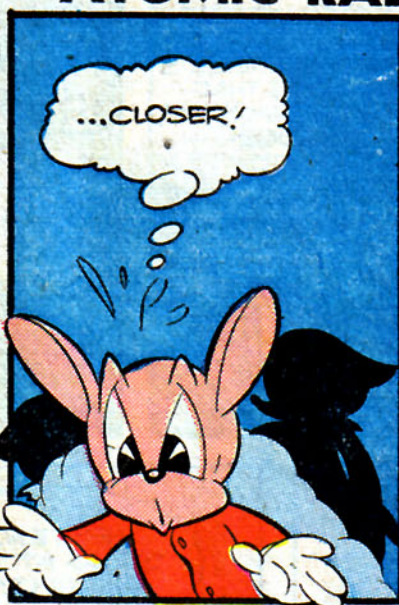


ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT

21



END

ATOMIC RABBIT

SHADOW

WATCH ME GET
COUNT GATTO'S
GOAT! IF THERE'S
ANYTHING THAT
MAKES HIM SORE,
IT'S A KNOCK-
KNOCK JOKE!

COUNT
GATTO

in
**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

51595

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

WHO'S THERE?

CHESTER!

CHESTER
WHO?

CHESTER
SONG AT
TWILIGHT!

COME IN, SHADOW! I HAVE A KNOCK-
KNOCK JOKE FOR YOU!

CHEE, COUNT-- I DIDN'T
KNOW YA KNEW ANY!

WHO'S
THERE?

MARCELLA!

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

MARCELLA? WHAT
KIND OF GOOFY
NAME IS THAT?

MARCELLA'S FULL
OF WATER!

CLUB!

SPLASH

ATOMIC RABBIT

ATOMIC RABBIT

IN WHO'S THE FOOL?

HEH - HEH - HEH...
THIS VOICE-THROW-
ING GADGET IS
JUST WHAT I NEED
TO MAKE ATOMIC
RABBIT LOOK
LIKE A FOOL!

VENTRILLOQUISM
SET

HW PAGO

51061

WHERE ARE THOSE LI'L
FOXES? I'LL NEED THEIR
HELP!

LI'L
FOXES!

♪ HERE WE
ARE, POPS!

ARE YOU TWO SICK
OR SOMETHING?
DIDN'T I TELL
YOU TO TAKE
A NAP ON
THAT COUCH?

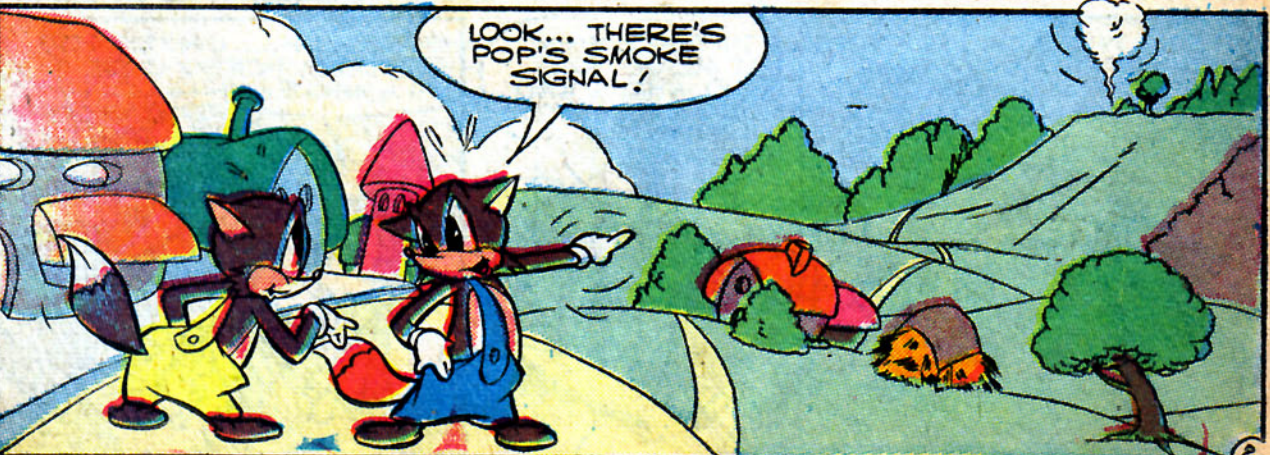
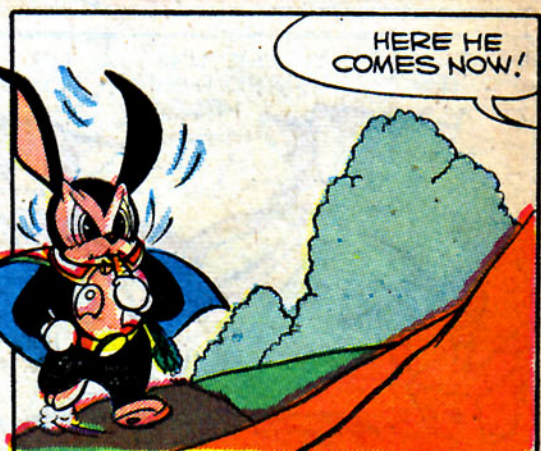
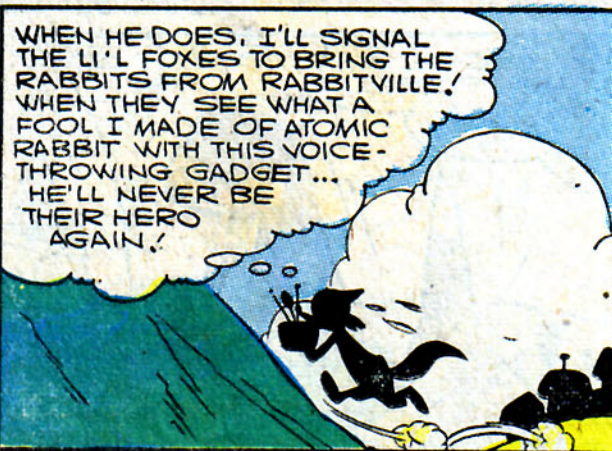
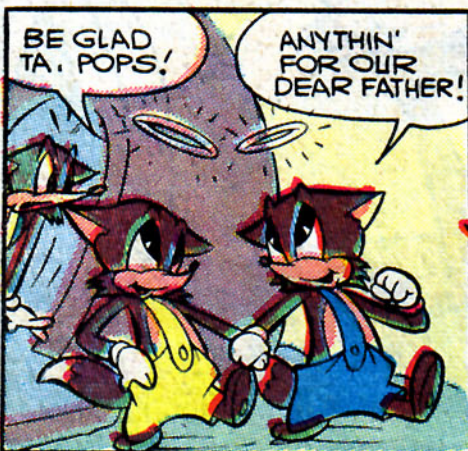
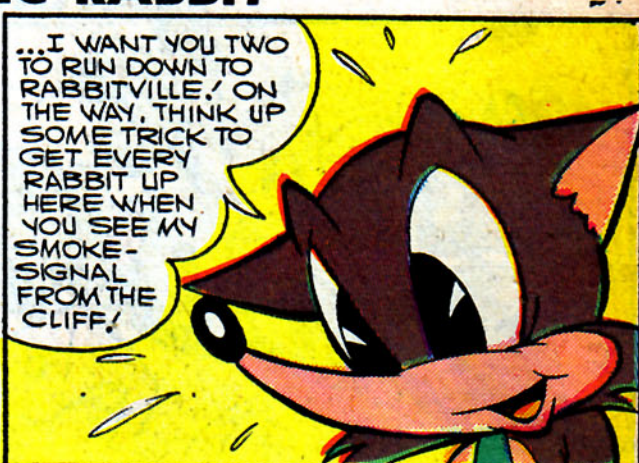
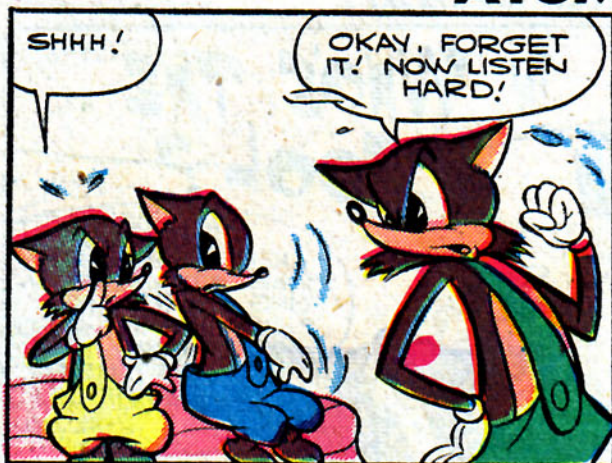
YES, POPS!
AN' WE
DID JUST
LIKE YA
TOLE
US!

TH-THAT'S WHAT
I MEAN! YOU
DID WHAT I TOLD
YOU TO DO... YOU
NEVER DID
BEFORE!

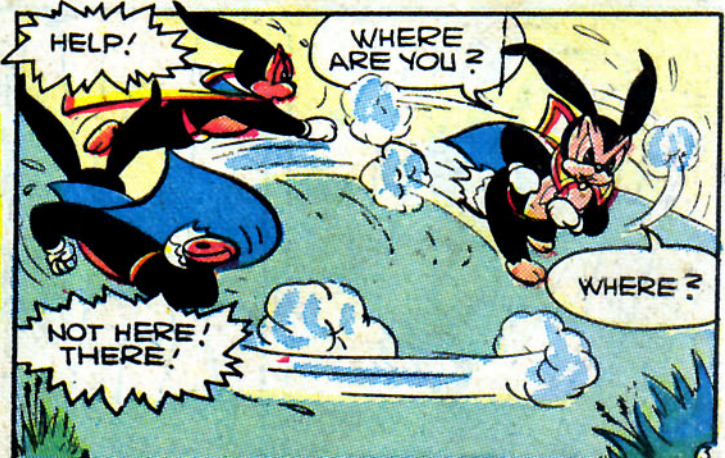
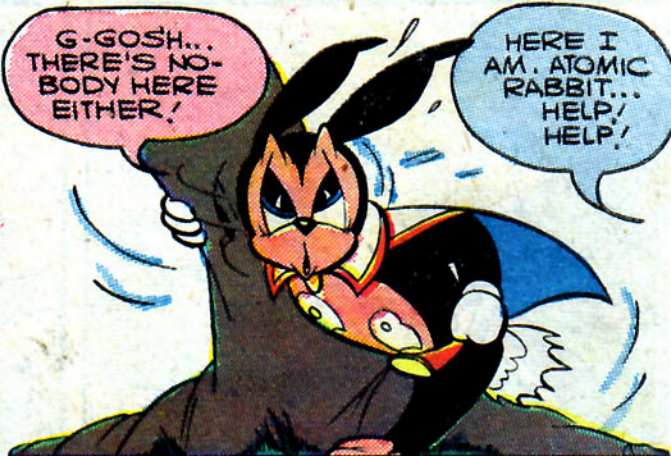
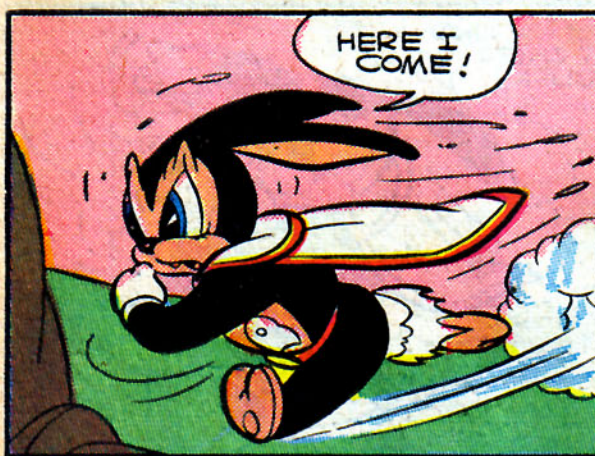
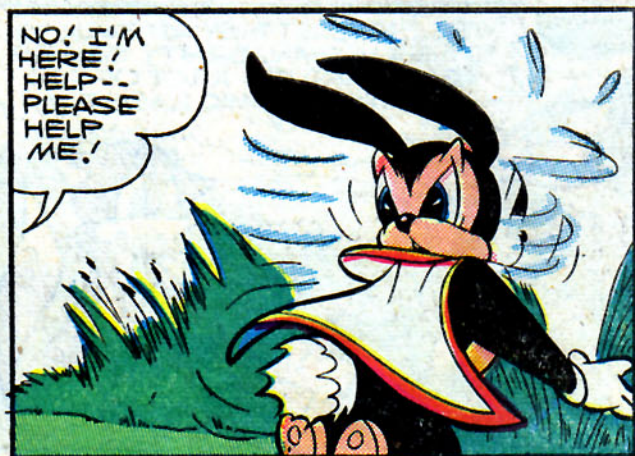
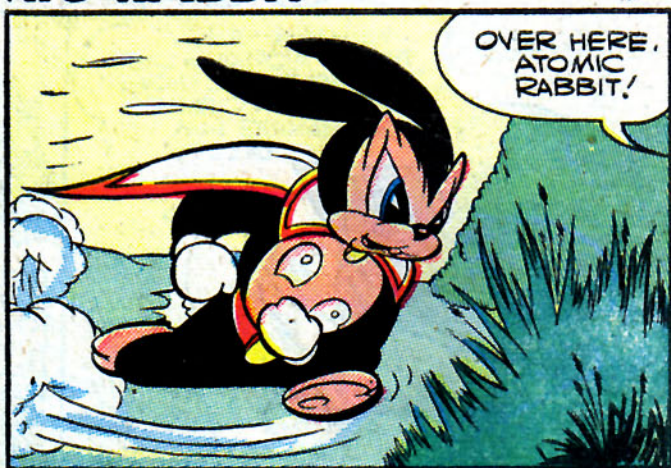
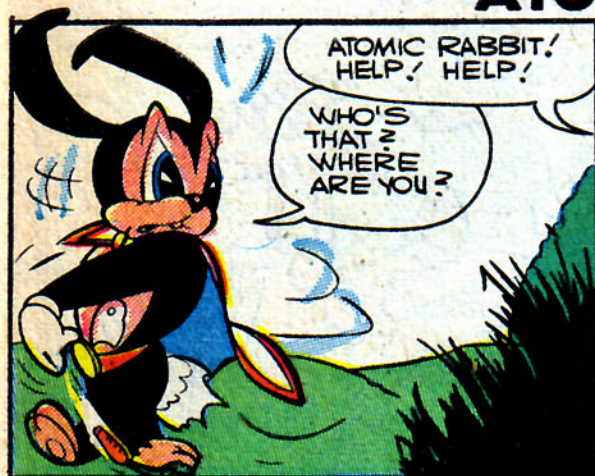
GOSH, POPS... CAN'T WE BE
GOOD LI'L FOXES ONCE
IN A WHILE?

YEAH, 'SPECIALLY
AT A TIME LIKE
THIS!

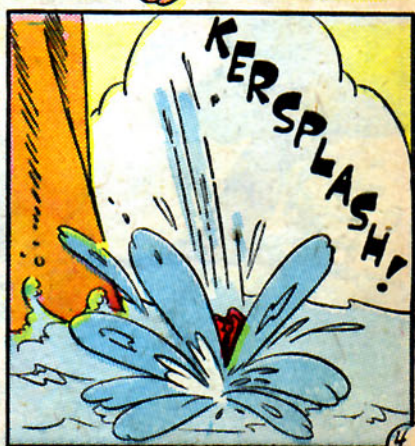
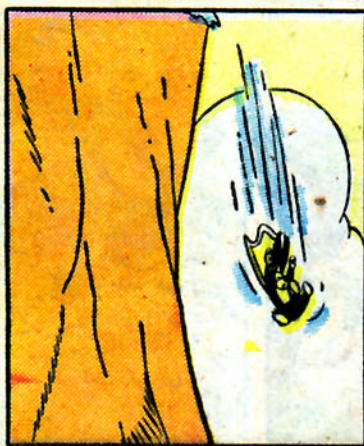
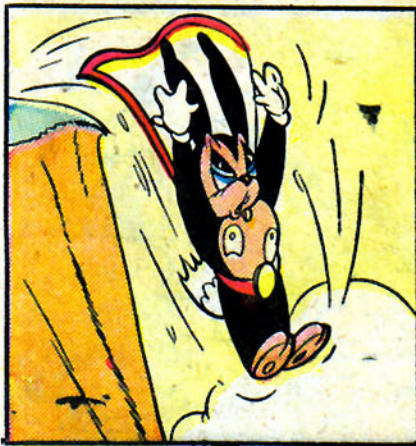
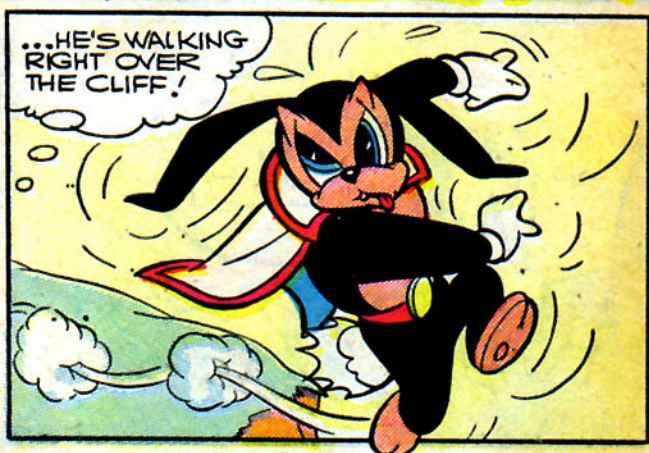
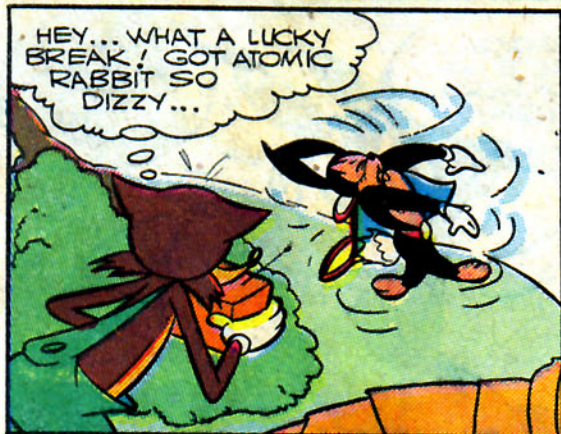
ATOMIC RABBIT



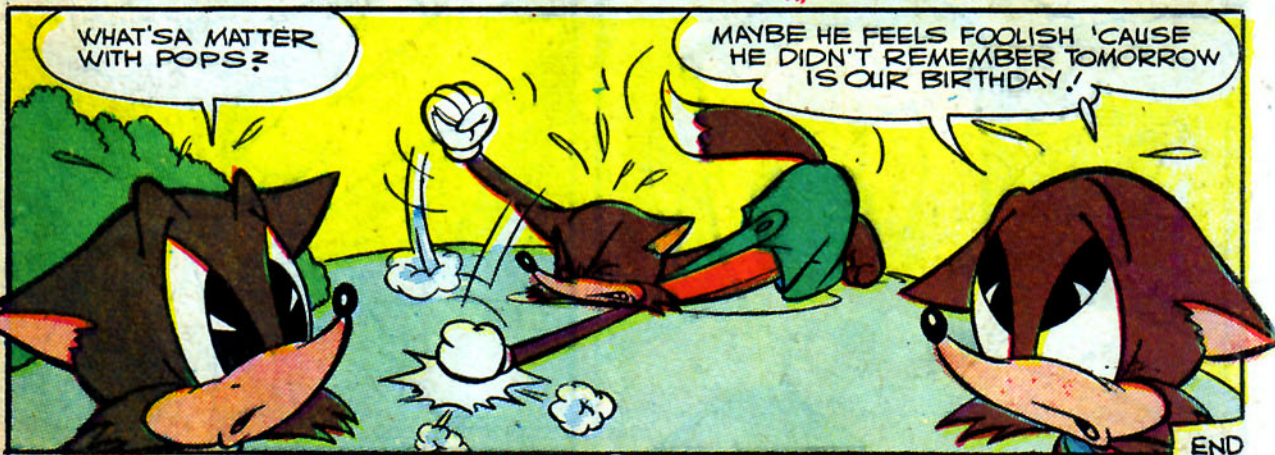
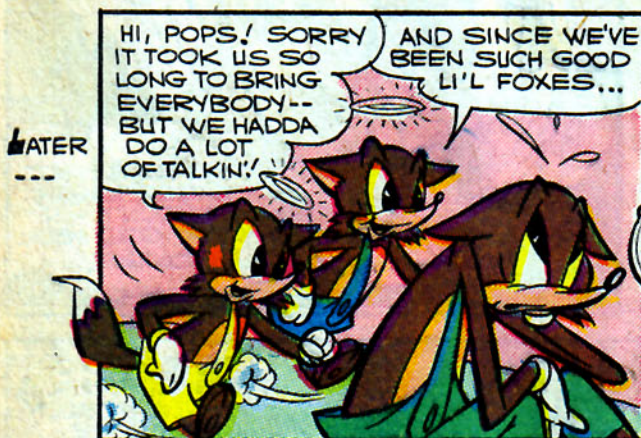
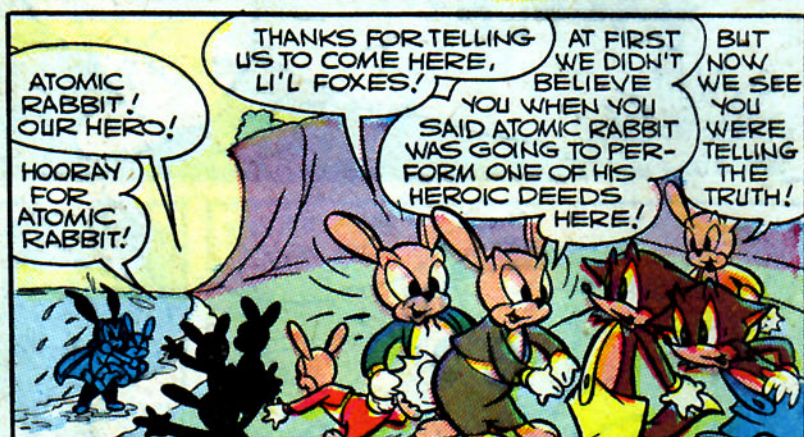
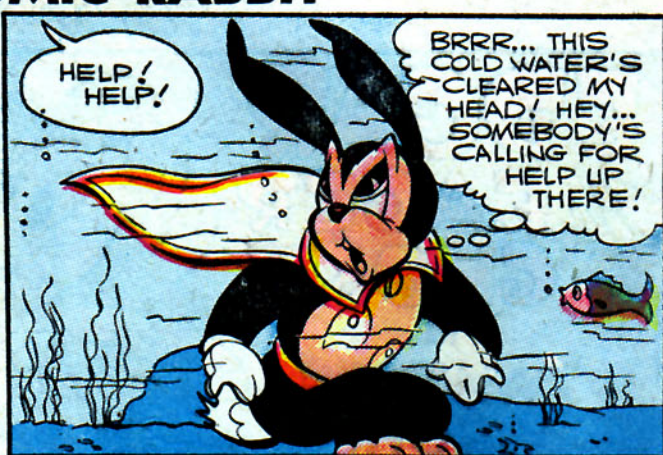
ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT



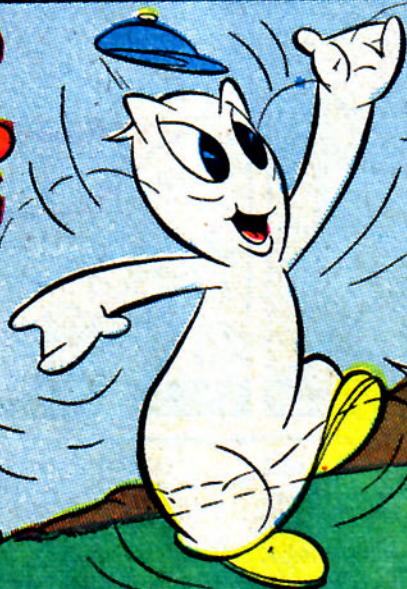
ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT

EDGAR *The* EAGER GHOST

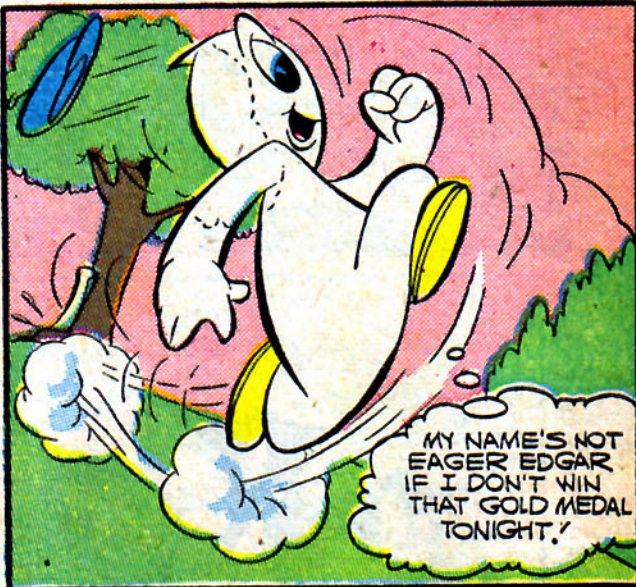
in
"WHOOOPS...
WRONG
BOTTLE"



BIG PARTY
TONIGHT!
A GOLD MEDAL
WILL BE GIVEN
TO THE LI'L
GHOST WHO
WORKS THE BEST
MAGIC TRICK.

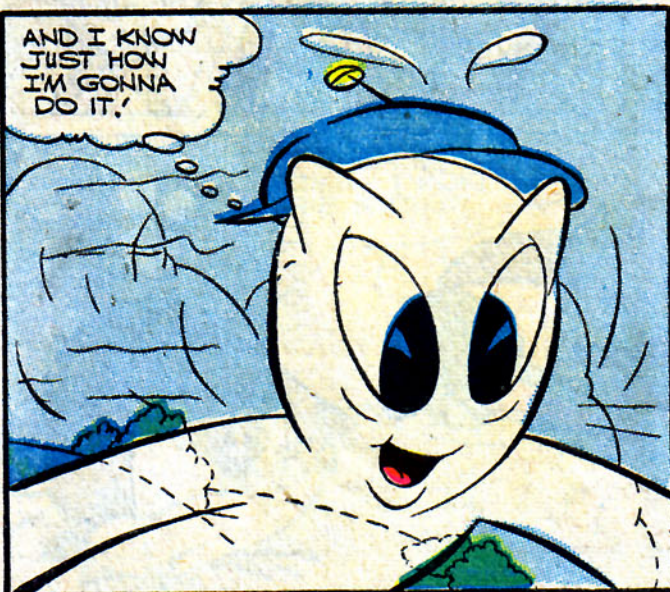
VIEEEEE!
THAT'LL BE
ME!

BOYBOY-
OBOY!!!

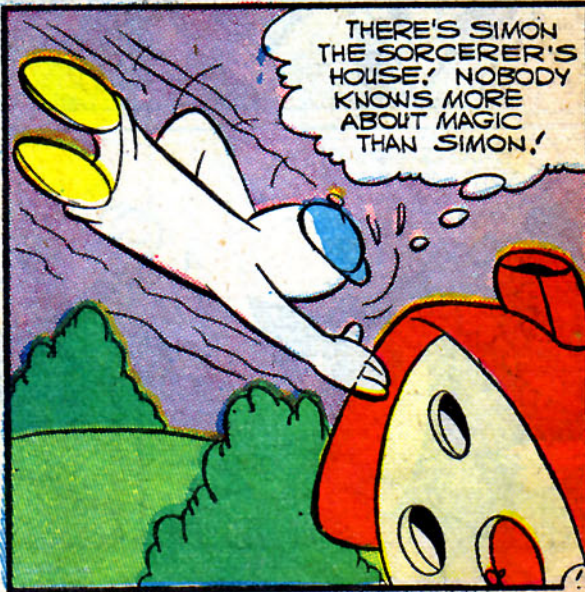


MY NAME'S NOT
EAGER EDGAR
IF I DON'T WIN
THAT GOLD MEDAL
TONIGHT!

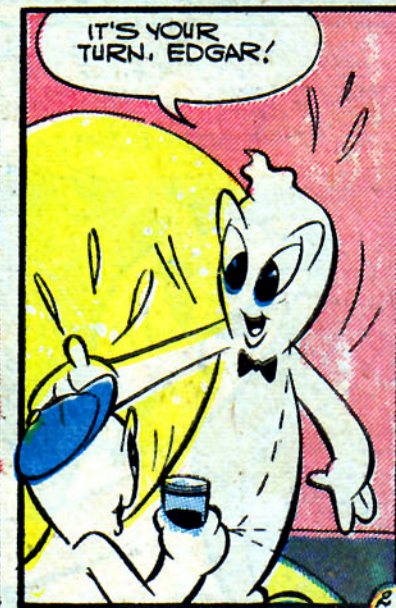
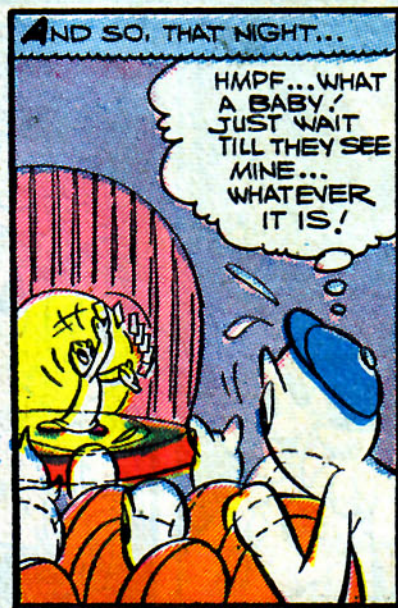
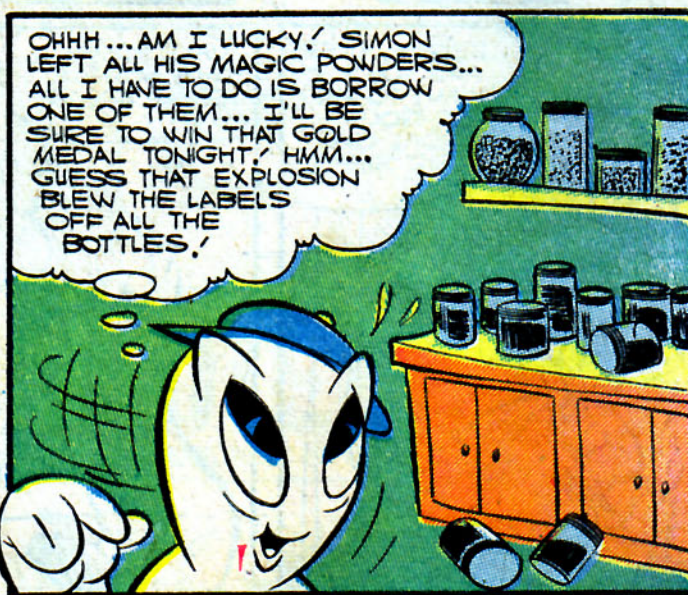
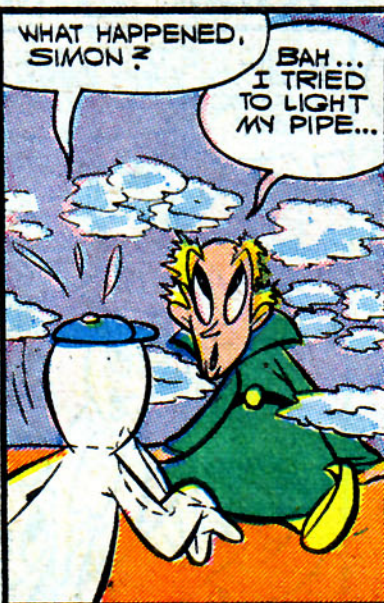
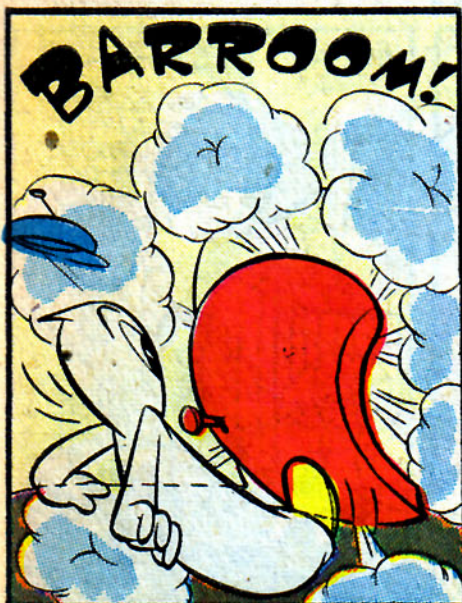
AND I KNOW
JUST HOW
I'M GONNA
DO IT!



THERE'S SIMON
THE SORCERER'S
HOUSE! NOBODY
KNOWS MORE
ABOUT MAGIC
THAN SIMON!



ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT

NOW WATCH THIS, EVERY-BODY! ALL I DO IS SPRINKLE SOME OF THIS POWDER...



...AND THE TRUTH NOW... HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A MAGIC TRICK LIKE THIS?

REMARKABLE!

WONDERFUL!

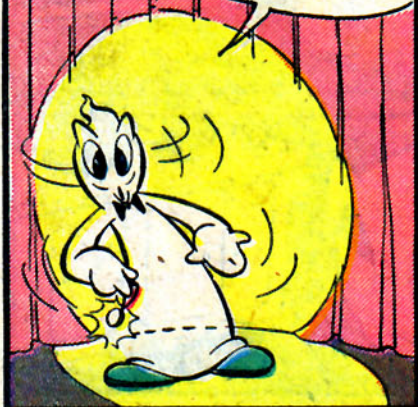


EDGAR WINS!

WHOEVER THOUGHT A LI'L GHOST COULD DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT!



EDGAR, WHERE ARE YOU? I WANT TO PIN THE GOLD MEDAL ON YOUR SHEET!



MAKE YOURSELF VISABLE AGAIN, EDGAR!

SO THAT'S WHAT THE POWDER DID! IT (GROAN) MADE ME INVISIBLE!

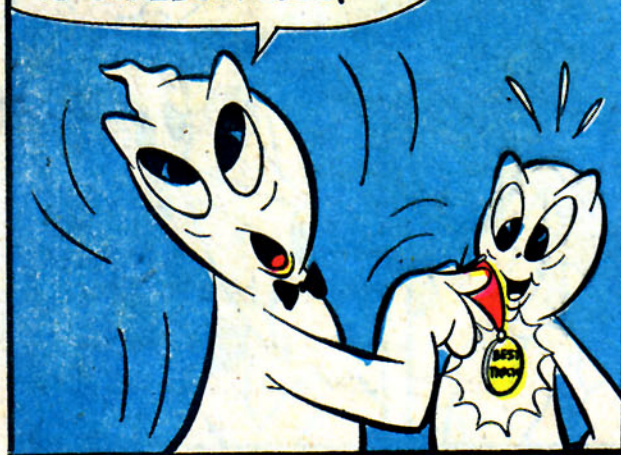


WELL, EDGAR... WE'RE WAITING! ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE YOURSELF VISIBLE... OR NOT?

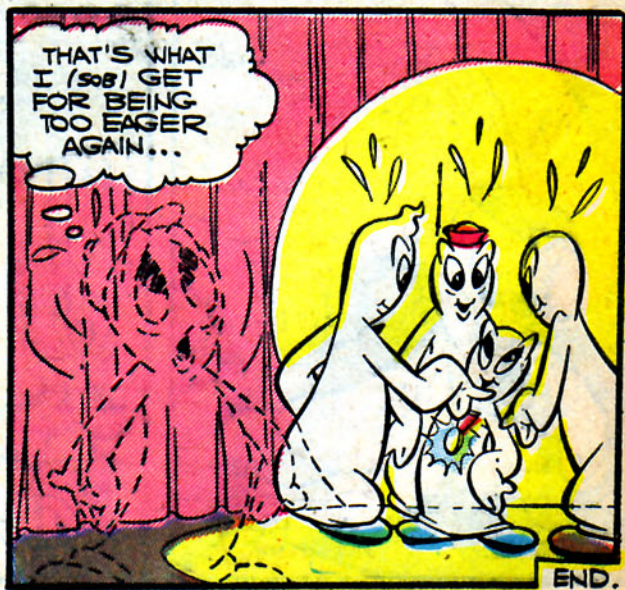
BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW!



YOU DON'T? THAT MEANS YOU KNOW ONLY HALF THE MAGIC TRICK! AND THE GOLD MEDAL GOES TO SOMEBODY ELSE!



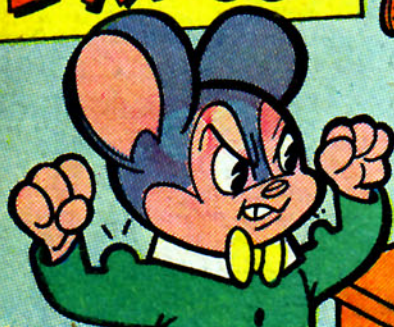
THAT'S WHAT I (SOS) GET FOR BEING TOO EAGER AGAIN...



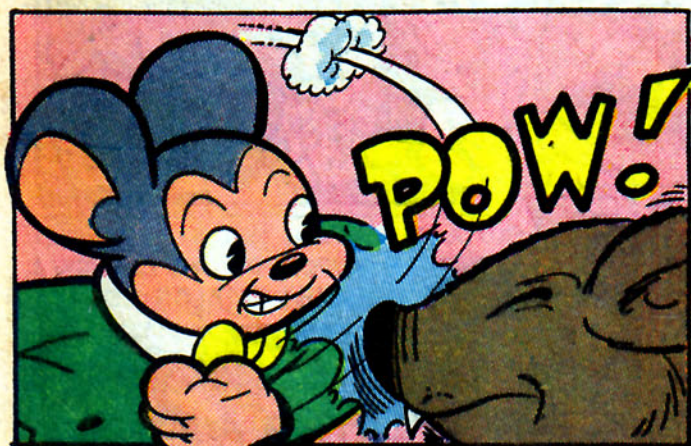
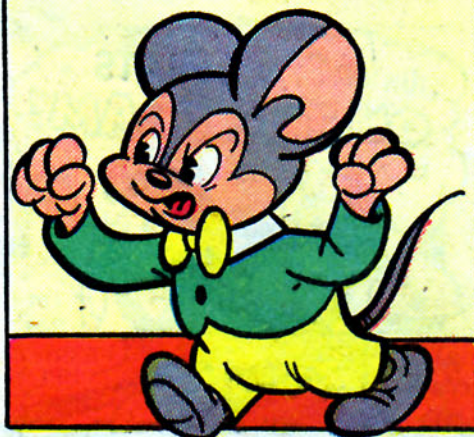
END.

ATOMIC RABBIT

LIL MOUSE



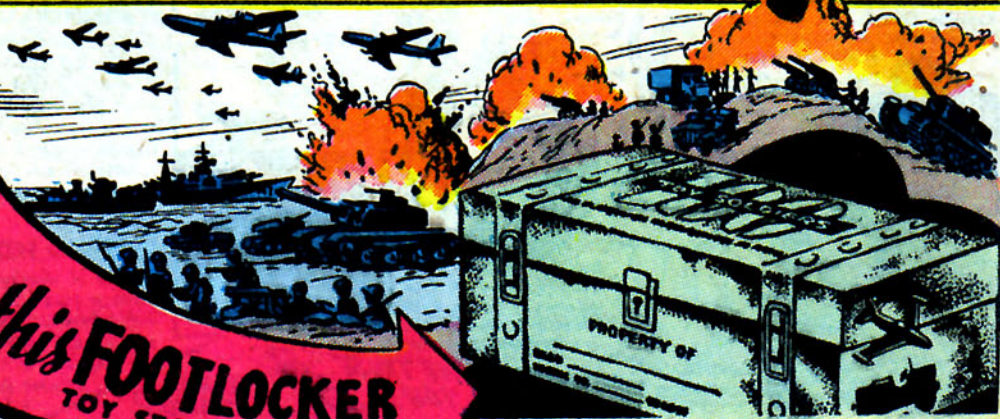
STRA



100 TOY SOLDIERS \$1.25

MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4 1/2"!!

PACKED in this FOOTLOCKER
TOY STORAGE BOX



EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

- | | | |
|---------------|------------------|--------------|
| 4 Tanks | 8 Machinegunners | 4 Bombers |
| 4 Jeeps | 8 Sharpshooters | 4 Trucks |
| 4 Battleships | 4 Infantrymen | 8 Jet Planes |
| 4 Cruisers | 8 Officers | 8 Cannon |
| 4 Sailors | 8 Waves | 4 Bazookamen |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Wacs | 4 Marksmen |

JOSELY CO., Dept. TCH6

1472 Broadway
New York 36, N. Y.

HERE'S MY \$1.25!

Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

NO
C.O.D.'s

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50 postal money order.

MAIL COUPON BELOW

CASH or PREMIUMS!

4200

BE

LET'S GO

ACT NOW!

**WE TRUST
YOU!**

**LET'S
GO!**

[illegible]

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 128, Tyrone, Pa.

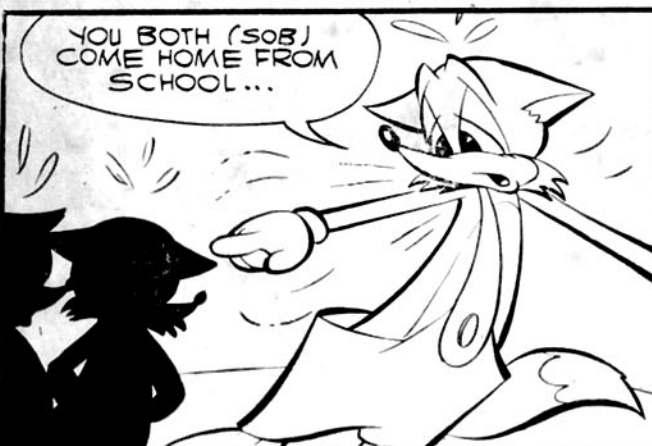
'L'L
FOXES'

ⁱⁿ
'YOU'RE BREAKING
YOUR FATHER'S
HEART'

S1812

WAAH... YOU'RE
BREAKING YOUR
FATHER'S HEART!
WAAH!

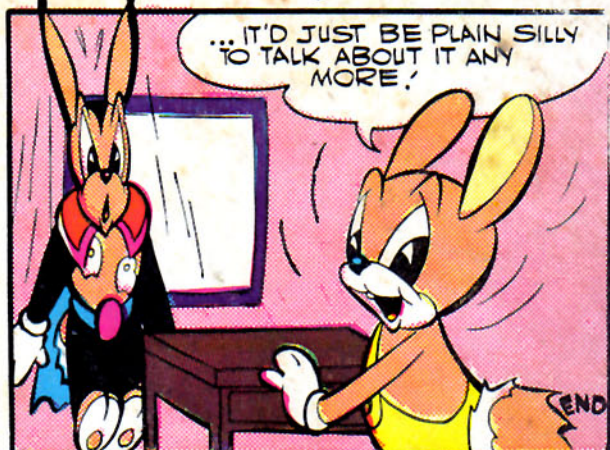
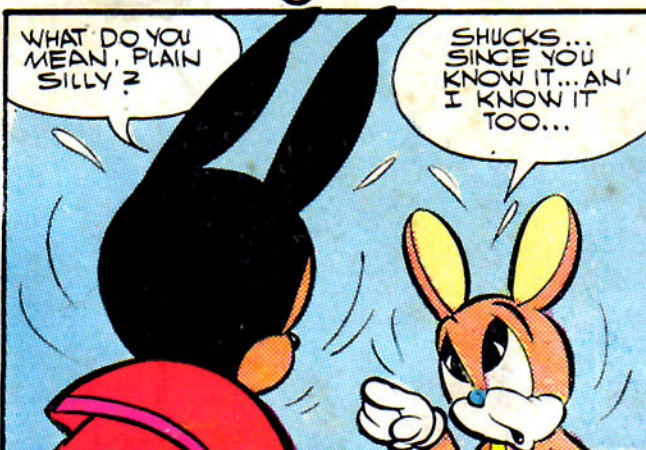
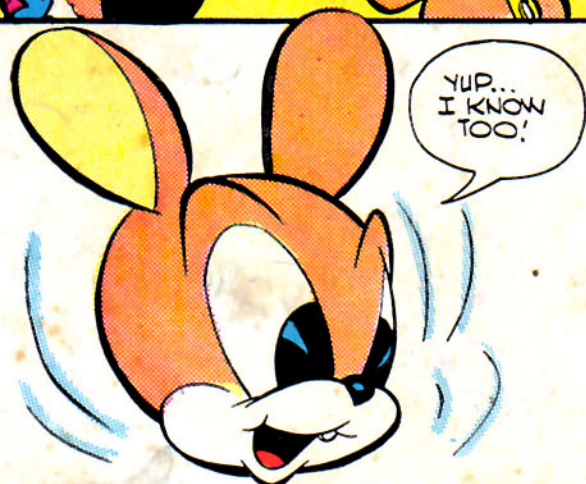
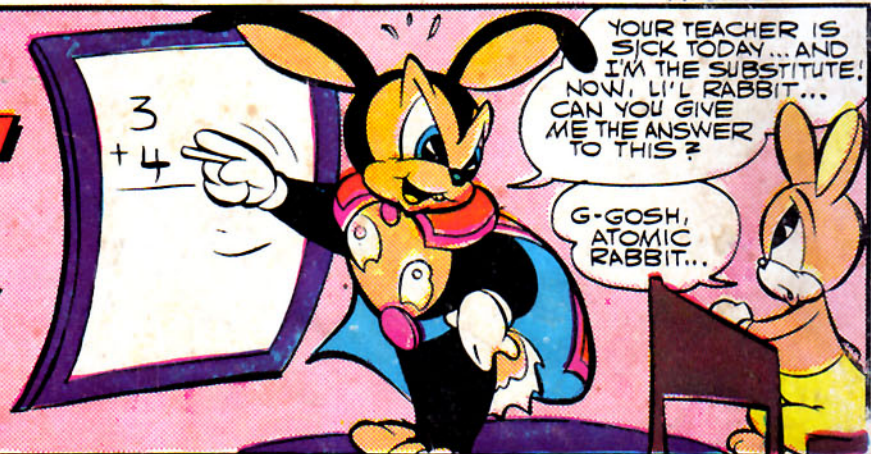
G-GOSH!
WHATSA
MATTER,
POP?



ATOMIC RABBIT

'PLAIN SILLY'

51795

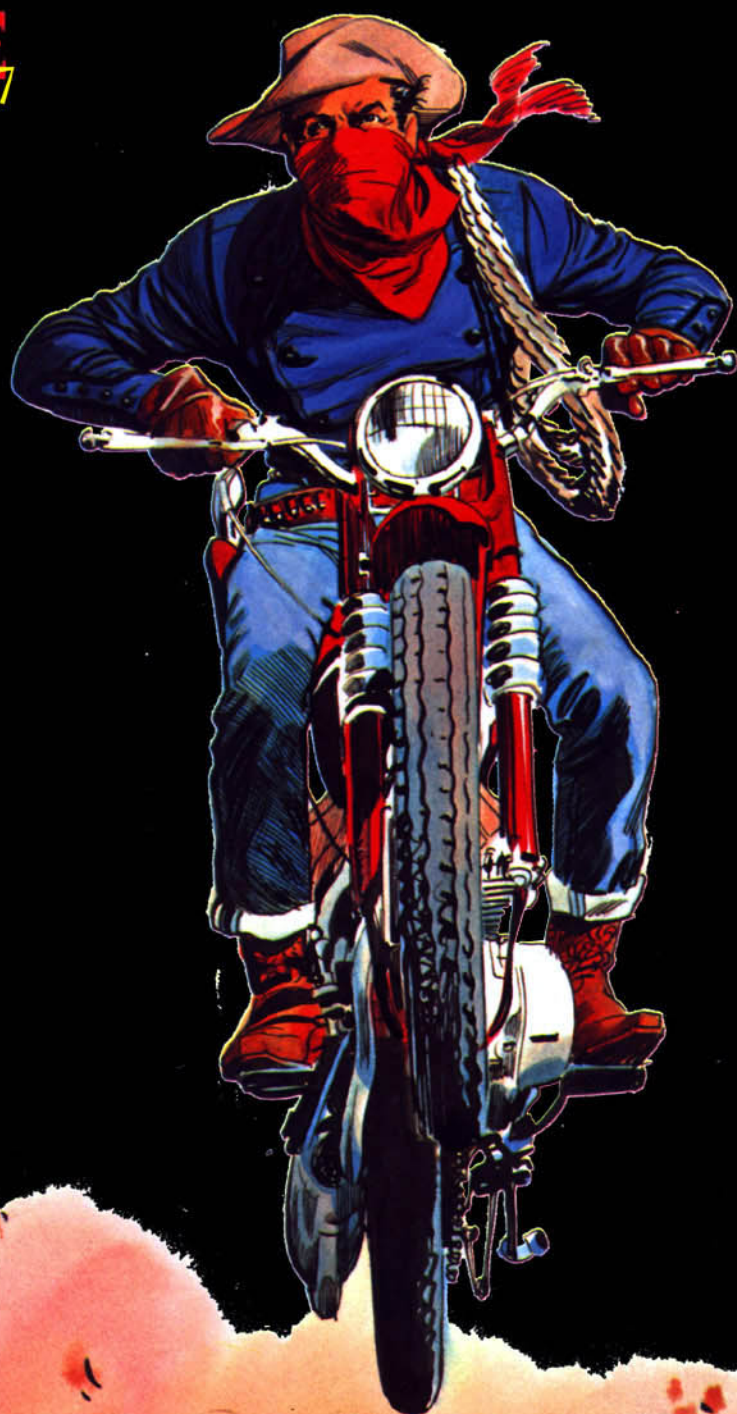


A

VIGILANTE

407

Scan



GRANT MORRISON